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Under the Moon.

Under the moon two lovers walked—
The silver moon, the round full moon—
Under its beams they softly talked
Of youth and love and June.
And they plighted their vows in the silvery light,
For their hearts, like the moon, were full that night.

Under the moon they walked again—
The setting moon, the waning moon—
And scarcely a word was said by the twain;
Oh, moon, you set too soon.
And love in one of the hearts, like the rim
Of the waning moon, grew faint and dim.

Under the skies a maiden stood—
The cold night-skies, the moonless skies—
She heard the owl in the lonely wood,
And she heard her own deep sighs.
'Heart and skies devoid of light,
God," she cried, "what a dreary night!"

Under the skies is a narrow mound—
The watchful skies, the starry skies—
And the rays of the moon, so full and round,
Shine down where the maiden lies.
And they shine on the fickle lover who
Walks with another and woos anew.

For the Sake of Peace.

Rob and I were playmates once,
Together used to laugh and cry;
A youth and maiden are we now—
Oh dear, the years so swiftly fly
We used to play at lovers, too,
When we were children gay and free;
And now, the rogue, he quite insists
That he should still my lover be.

I really can't make up my mind
To quarrel with the foolish boy,
For maybe, if he went away,
My life would lose one-half its joy.
And if the question I should try
To argue with him, why, you see,
In argument, e'en when a child,
Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do?
Rob has a word of all I say;
And, after all, my heart inclines
To let him have his own dear way.
Oh, how persistent men can be!
What can a timid maiden do?
I think, just for the sake of peace,
I'd better yield the point—don't you?

A YOUNG HERO.

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will."

I was standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's *pluck* neither, not when it comes to a *real* scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" ask I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say *that;* o' course a man as *is* a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seen a Frenchер tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever *I* seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then?—a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough too—some of 'em, at least. *My* old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portigee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople.) But this un as I'm a-talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger'n Tom Thumb, only with a sperrit of his own as ud' ha blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would yer like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort 'o chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if *somethin'* had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we give to chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and where did yer find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and began barkin'. Sitch a little mite as he is, too! I could a'most put him in my bacey-pounch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good plucked un for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I *did* see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack of the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the furst-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among all them big fellows, was a little bit of a lad not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if he hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeared—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright clear eyes o' hisn, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folks *did* say arterwards (lowering his voice to a whisper,) as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seen a common street Harab (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like *him.* You might ha' heerd a pin drop as the mate spoke.

"'Well young whelp,' says he in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought *you* here?

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address.'

"And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha' porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: I am too old a bird to be caught with that kind of chaff; and then he says to him: 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just pint out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way, (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quite quitely: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart, now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say: 'What on earth's a-coming now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've *got* to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' said the mate, in a hard, *square* kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess' (he took out his watch and held it in his hand;) 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye,) and then a low growl went up among 'em, like a wild beast a-wakin' out of a nap.

"'Silence there!' shouted the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'-easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' and with his own hands he put the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him;* and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they were a-gripin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"'Tom,' whispered the chief engineer to me, 'd' ye think he really means to do it?'

"'I don't know,' says I through my teeth; 'but if he does, *he* shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I have been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he *did* go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

"'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for your time's nearly up.'

"'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sitch a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"'And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge; it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below, so I'll just wish yer good-night."

Broadcloth an Enemy of Health.

Professor Hamilton, in an able address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo medical college, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted, as a national costume, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black. The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic and even the day-laborer, choose always the same black broadcloth—a style that never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit, because it is a feeble and expensive fabric, because it is at the North no protection against the cold, nor is it any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be warm in winter, and too black to be cool in summer; but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, pitch quoits, or wrestle or tumble, or any other similar thing, least their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of their broadcloth; they do not dare mount a horse or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithless. So these young men and these older men, these merchants, mechanics and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides."

One Drop of Evil.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me. I should think you would trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, clear water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"Oh, mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole glass, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water into it, and restore its purity."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No my son; and therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

In St. Louis two coops of chickens will pay a commission merchant more commission than a car-load of corn.

Henry Ward Beecher on Hospitality.

Most of us, having arrived at years of house-keeping or discretion, hate visiting and dread visitors. Yet we are not therefore misanthropists. Rather, we love our kind, and our favorite reading is doubtless biography, table-talk, and the personal columns in the newspapers. But visitors and visiting command only imply a temporary sequestration of old garments, and, of the ample wardrobe of these investitures which every man hath, none fit so comfortably and are so sorrowfully banished as old habits. If, therefore, Wednesday's corned beef and cabbage must be suppressed, and not fit for company; if Thursday's beef steak and onions, and Friday's humble firsh-ball must be translated into unfamiliar birds and beasts, which Bridget illy cooks and queerly serves; if the dear house-mother must move on restless legs from dawn till dark lest some imperceptible pin should drop from the household machinery; if all things must be a little finer than their wont and their capacity, it is not strange that the ordinary householder shrinks from the perturbations, which, as host, he undergoes in his own house, or, as a guest, introduces to another.

Pity 'tis, however, that we are not more social, because, in the long run, men and women are a more interesting and a more valuable study than books, and no subtle discovery of science nor progress of invention has yet found in the world anything better than human affection. Each of us is the poorer by every lofty friendship that he neglects to take from opportunity. Women, especially, whose cares are pettier and far more absorbing than men's, need the illumination of fresh ideas, witty talk, and friendly propinquity. Yet it is chiefly they who hinder this pleasure, and in whose hands it rests to make visiting the most brilliant and enticing of occupations. First, however, the whole theory of hospitality needs revision. It was very well for the Hebrew gentlemen to kill the fatted calf in honor of their guest. It involved little trouble and no expense, and if one had an appetite for warm veal nothing could be more agreeable to all concerned—except the calf. But we follow the precedent by spending half our substance at the butcher's stall for the festive joint and half the remaining moiety in cooking and serving it, trembling meanwhile lest the stranger that is within our gates be not satisfied with our bounty. Than this painful feasting better to leave the fatted calf afield and to dine on a cracker and careless cheerfulness.

The whole trouble is that the hostess arranges her household not as it shall best forward the business of life, but as it shall make the most effective spectacle. She orders affairs not as she prefers, but as she fancies that her guest expects. It is a specious misapplication of the golden rule. After Apicius and Calba, it is really quite impossible to be distinguished as private caterers. After Crassus and Lucullus, no table-service can be remarkable. After Paulina, making her morning calls in $200,000 worth of jewels, the richest toilet seems to fall a little short of its high possibilities. And after Heliogabalus, there is certainly very feeble incentive to the pursuit of distinction in furniture. We might wisely, therefore, abandon the striving after these goods, strengthened in that renunciation by the recollection that the only people who were pre-eminent in their possession sacrificed everything else to get them. After all, freedom and self-culture are the costliest objects ever offered to the acquisition of man, and if he takes them he must be content to forego much else.

We confess that we have more than once fancied that we saw the soul of good in that thing evil—the modern servant. We have never found fault with her instability. Master and mistress spend their days and nights in the effort to "better themselves," to get more money for the same work, or more distinguished society for the same servitude. Bridget and Dinah are of the same blood, as we remember on Sundays and forget through the week, and, afar off, they follow us. But this very fugacity and thriftlessness and want of ductility are possibly the limit that heaven sets to our dishonest housekeeping. We would like to have it supposed that we were born to the purple and should not be in the least discomposed on being bidden to dine at Chatsworth, having the elegance, though not the vastness, of Chatsworth under our own roof. And in comes blundering candid Bridget, with a wrecked ambition in the shape of an *omellet souffie,* and unwittingly reveals to the visitor that we never had one before. It is our deep hope, as it is our conviction, that these rough-shod ministers of truth and simplicity will never cease to plague us with the pictorial exhibition of our small sins against those divinities until every household in the land is willing to lead a life no more showy than it can easily afford, and to attempt no difficult and unfamiliar pretenses to impress visitors. So shall we gain profit by losing of our prayers.

The air is full of rumors of public and private corruption and disgraceful getting and keeping of gold. We must purify our legislation, it is said. We must winnow our civil service. We must insist on virtue in high places. But reform must begin far back—at the firesides. By example our boys and girls must learn that money is not the supreme good of life. They must grow up in homes so simply and finely ordered, that not furniture and not viands, but the quality of master and mistress, draws many noble guests thereto, contact with whom is the children's best education. "The ornament of a home is the friends who frequent it." And as we learn simplicity, we shall have love and leisure for the highest friendships. It is this home-life, and only this, cheap, possible to all, the source of robust manhood and sincere culture, that will keep the republic sweet. Without it, though we pile up our millions, and double our territory, and open our gates to all nations, we shall bring up, at last, whither we seem to be tending, in a general almshouse for souls.—*Christian Union.*

THE BAD BOY.—Wood tells a story of Hoskyns, the Winchester college boy, who, having neglected to write his verse exercise, glanced for a minute or two over the shoulder of a more diligent school-fellow, and, upon the master calling him up, said he had lost his paper, but if he might be allowed he would repeat without book the twenty verses he had written, which he was permitted to do. The other boy was called next, and showed the verses which Hoskyns had just repeated, and, being taken for the thief, was sorely whipped.

RELIGIOUS.—The Baptist Year Book for 1873 gives the statistics of the Baptist Church as follows: In the United States there are 853 associations, 19,720 churches, 11,892 ordained ministers and 1,585,232 members. The Sunday-school statistics show 9,412 schools, 623,742 scholars. The aggregate contributions reported are $4,926,527.04. There are 46 periodicals, of which 2 are German, 1 Welsh and 1 French. There are 9 theological seminaries, 34 colleges and universities, and 57 academies, with over five hundred instructors and 9,000 students.

Britzer His Own Detective.

Old Jacob Britzer kept the village store in Bucksport. We say *the* village store, because it was the largest, and, in fact, the only store of any consequence in the place. Like all country store-keepers, Jacob kept for sale dry and moist goods of every description, and both village and suburban gossips made his place their centre and tilting-ground. To this the trader did not object, because he was himself of a social turn, and because these hangers-on were all customers. Occasionally Jacob missed certain articles from his shelves and counters which he knew had not been sold, and he could only imagine that they had been stolen. This thing continued for more than a year, and Britzer, with all his careful watching, was unable to detect the thief. There were several whom he deemed capable of the deed, but he could not fix the crime upon either of them.

At length, one Monday morning, Jacob Britzer entered his store; and upon removing the heavy wooden shutters from the front windows he discovered that the large glass-top show-case, near the main entrance, had been robbed of nearly all its contents. At least three hundred dollars' worth of fancy goods had been stolen—a large amount for the country store-keeper to lose. Jacob had locked up his store on Saturday night, and had not visited it since until now, nor had the keys been out of his keeping. For a brief space he was thunder-struck—then, for another brief space, he collected his thoughts, and reflected. His course of action was resolved upon. His first decided movement was to lock the door by which he had entered, and draw the curtains over the windows. Next he replenished the show-case from a fresh stock which he chanced to have on hand, making it look so nearly as it looked on Saturday morning that not even his clerk was likely to detect any change. Thus the matter, so far as he and his store were concerned, was locked in his own breast, and so he meant to keep it. Having ascertained that the thief had gained entrance by a rear cellar window, and having so covered the tracks of the guilty one that his clerk would not observe them, he opened his store, and prepared for business. Half an hour later the clerk came, and detected nothing out of the way. (This clerk, we may remark, was Jacob's own son).

The day passed—customers came and went as usual—the gossips chatted over their beer and cheese, while old Jacob was attentive and affable, never betraying by word or sign that anything had happened amiss. In the evening Peter Hawks came in. This Peter Hawks was a farmer, owning quite a place near the outskirts of the village, who had of late been leading a life rather aimless and thriftless. It had been Peter's custom to spend a good part of the day in the store, but on this Monday he had not put in an appearance until after tea; and even when he did come he failed to talk with his usual volubility, but remained for the most part silent, watching what others had to say.

At length the hour grew late, and one by one the gossips dropped away until Peter was left alone with Jacob and his son. The solitary customer arose from his chair, and after a little nervous hesitation he approached the storekeeper with,—

"Ah, Jacob, that was quite a loss you met wit. Have ye any idee who did it?"

"Who did what?" asked Jacob, dropping the piece of cloth which he was folding, and looking up.

"Who robbed yer show-case last night?"

"Yes," answered Jacob, with stern promptness—"I know exactly who did it?"

"Eh, who?"

"*You* did it!"

"Me!" gasped Peter, quiveringly.

"Aye—*you did it.* I *know* you did it; and thus far the secret is entirely between you and me. You are the only other living man besides myself who knows that I have been robbed at all!"

And then Jacob went on to explain to his customer how he had managed to detect the theif. Peter Hawks was forced to own up; and in consideration of his returning the goods last stolen, and paying for those stolen on previous occasions, and also promising to steal no more, he was let off. But he did not remain much longer in Bucksport. Having settled with Jacob Britzer, he made all haste to sell his farm and remove to parts where the story of his shortcomings was not known.

Webster's Great Argument.

In the spring of 1824, Mr. Webster was much concerned in the discussion then going on in the House of Representatives, at Washington, on the tariff. One morning he rose very early—earlier even than was his custom—to prepare himself to speak upon it. From long before daylight till the hour when the House met, he was busy with his brief.

When he was far advanced in speaking, a note was brought to him from the Supreme Court, informing him that the great case of "Gibbons vs. Ogden" would be called for argument the next morning. He was astonished at the intelligence, for he had supposed that after the tariff question should have been disposed of, he still would have ten days to prepare himself for the formidable conflict, in which the constitutionality of the laws of New York, granting a steamboat monopoly of its tide waters, was to be decided.

He brought his speech on the tariff to a conclusion as speedily as he could, and hurried home to make such preparation for the great argument as the shortest notice would permit. He had then taken no food since his morning's breakfast; but instead of dining he took a moderate dose of medicine and went to bed and to sleep. At 10 P. M. he awoke and called for a bowl of tea, and without any other refreshment went immediately to work. To use his own phrase, "the tapes had not been off the papers for more than a year." He worked all night; and he has told me more than once he thought he never on any occasion had so completely the free use of all his faculties. He hardly felt he had bodily organs, so entirely had his fastings and medicine done their work. At 9 A. M., after eleven hours of continual effort, his brief was completed.

He sent for the barber and shaved; took a very slight breakfast of tea and crackers; he looked over the papers to see if they were all in order, and tied them up; he read the morning journals to amuse and change his thoughts, and then he went into the court, and made that grand argument, which, as Judge Wayne said, about twenty years afterward, "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor in our country from interference of monopolies." Whatever he may have thought of his powers of the preceding night, the court and the bar acknowledged their full force that day. And yet, at the end of five hours, when he ceased speaking, he could hardly be said to have taken what would have amounted to half the refreshment of a common meal for above two and thirty hours, and, out of the thirty-six hours immediately preceding he had for thirty-one been in a state of very high intellectual excitement and activity.—*George Ticknor.*

Afflictions clarify the soul.

One Hundred Years Old.

One hundred years constitute but an episode of the countries of the elder hemisphere—a page of their chronicles. That period in the younger hemisphere covers the whole of the country's career. When we have said that the Republic is not yet one hundred years old, we have said the most wonderful thing about the Republic. Such a marvelous example of rapid growth all history fails to parallel. The progress from a community of colonies, numbering only three millions of people, to a Union of States with a population of nearly forty millions, has been accomplished in less than ten decades. There are men now living who were born before the Republic; within whose life term the wilderness has changed, like a spectacular transformation scene, into a series of great cities, thriving towns and cultivated sections, abounding in all the proofs and fruits of a vital civilization, rivaling in wealth and achievement the most venerable of European countries, and surpassing them in substantial prosperity. And so the infant of nations stands in their front rank. Surely such swift development is the phenomenon of the ages.

When the Republic celebrates its centennial, as it will in a little more than three years, there will be enough to commemorate. From a national point of view we shall look back upon a narrow interval of time; but measured by what has been done the interval is overflowing with fact and suggestion. The Republic in its young manhood has had the full advantage of the modern stimulus to successful effort. The tedious processes of the last century have given place to new methods that imply creative genius in the material arts. The sons of the Republic cross the continent, from ocean to ocean, in time consumed by the Fathers of the Republic in passing between the Atlantic cities. The swiftness of travel is a type of the improvements of the later time. Within the short life of the Republic steam communication, instantaneous telegraphic correspondence, and all contemporary material agencies have become accomplished facts. Nor has the progress been only material. Education has been made nearly universal, and the masses of the people have grown intellectually and morally stronger.

There is certainly enough to celebrate on the coming One Hundredth Fourth of July. The question is, how shall we celebrate? Thus far the celebration has only taken shape in the proposed National Exposition at Philadelphia. If this enterprise shall not fall into the hands of mere speculators, if it shall be a general, genuine, and popular undertaking, it ought to be a grand success. It will show our own citizens and all the world, in a tangible and impressive form, what the Republic is, what it has done, and what it can do. It is a good thing, so far as it goes.

But there is a pervading and instinctive feeling that it does not go far enough. The people will hardly be satisfied that the celebration shall begin and end in Philadelphia. The Centennial Fourth of July ought to be a present and vital force throughout the length and breadth of the land. Every State, every city, every town, every village, every remote settlement should prepare such a universal commemoration as the world hitherto has never known, and thus emphasize the significant announcement that the Republic is one hundred years old.

The Future Price of Wool.

The New York *Economist* says: "There is one thing certain that in the midst of all this fluctuation and uncertainty wool is very scarce, and prices are not only very firm, but buoyant. Indeed, strange as it may appear, prices are nearly as high now as a year ago, when we take into account the high rate of interest and gold, with nothing to warrant such a feature but the short supply available and the large demand for consumption."

Walter Brown & Sons, in their circular, say: "It is, however, quite noticeable that a firm feeling pervades the whole trade, with the general opinion that early in the new year higher figures will be obtained, resulting probably from the fact that stocks of domestic wools in eastern markets are very light, and such wools as still remain in the west are mostly held by farmers and second hands at extreme rates, with no indications of yielding before the near approach of the new clip; also that few, if any, orders have gone abroad for foreign wools, owing to the unremunerative character of last season's operations."

Henry P. Hughes & Son, of London, in their circular of December 5th, 1872, say: "If the present activity in the woolen district should continue to the commencement of the first sales for the coming year we may reasonably expect that stocks of colonial wool in the hands of both dealers and manufacturers will be considerably smaller than has been witnessed for many years past. We anticipate good prices throughout the coming year."

Physicians in Sweden.

One morning, says a letter writer, I went to call on a Swedish acquaintance and found her doctor with her. He was merely paying a complimentary visit, as his services were not required. I learned that an arrangement is made with the medical man; a small sum of £5 or £6 a year contents him, and for that he attends the whole family, however often they may happen to be ill. The difficulty seems to be to get hold of him quickly enough in an urgent case; for if he has gone on his rounds he finishes every visit before he goes to the new patient. A lady with whose relatives I was slightly acquainted had a husband who had always very delicate health, and upon one occasion, when they were staying with her, he was seized with a sharp attack connected with a heart complaint. They urged her to send at once for the doctor, but she only used some simple remedies, because she said he had just dismissed her usual medical attendant and had made no fresh arrangement with anybody else, so that she could not ask any one to come to her assistance. A poor lady while I was there lost a child from water on the brain, and she sat by it for hours in the most terrible anxiety, waiting the doctor's time for coming. To people accustomed to command prompt advice in illness, Stockholm, or, indeed, Sweden, would not seem to be a desirable place to be attacked in.

TO PREVENT LOCK-PICKING.—One of the most ingenious contrivances for preventing lock-picking is that invented in 1833, which causes the lock to open at the time to which the clock-work is set. As, however, when once closed, these locks will not open, no matter how pressing the emergency, till the hour set, and as a mistake in setting them is easy made, and results in opening at unexpected and dangerous times, this device can not be extensively applied. The only plan which seems to afford security against picking is to make the keyhole so small that no improper instrument can be introduced; and since the invention of nitro glycerine and dynamite, the safety of even this may be questioned, since they can blow the lock to pieces. Locks and bars cannot preserve earthly riches, and in this fact lies a great lesson for the general reader.

A Neat Swindle.

The following, from the Philadelphia *Press,* is interesting to all dealers in jewelry:—"The other day, at about twelve M., a carriage, elegant enough in all its appointments to be a private "turnout," drove up to the door of one of the largest establishments on Chestnut street, not far from Twelfth, and from it descended a gentleman, at least to all appearances, attired in the most fashionable manner. Sauntering inside with an easy grace, he requested to see some jewels, stating that he desired to make a large purchase. He carried in his hand a handsome case, or bag, which he deposited on the glass before the clerk who stepped forward to wait upon him. He was very particular in his choice, but at last selected about $2,000 worth of jewelry of various kinds and styles. As the clerk was about to put the numerous little boxes into one large receptacle the stranger said, 'Wait a moment; we can do better, and opening his case, which still remained on the counter, he took from it and handed to the clerk a neat box with a key, sufficiently large to hold all his purchases. Into this the clerk put the jewelry and handed it back to the customer, who locked it, leaving the key in the lock, and replaced it in the bag, closing the latter. Then putting his gloved hand into his breast pocket, he exclaimed, in great surprise, "Well, how forgetful I am! I have left my book and money at the hotel. I must go back and get it. Very careless of me, very. You will, of course, want to keep this. It wouldn't do to trust an entire stranger with such valuables," and, opening the bag, he again took out the little box and handed it to the clerk. "It's very annoying, but I will drive right to the Continental, and be back in a few moments." With a few commonplace remarks the elegant gentleman returned to his carriage, and was seen to drive away in the direction of the Continental, taking with him the nice and innocent little boy he had brought. They waited at the store for him a long time to come back. In fact he hasn't come back yet. At last a light dawned upon the terrified clerk, and he reached for the beautiful little box with the beautiful little key. "Oh, its all right, of course," he hoped in spite of his suspicions. "Something has detained the gentleman, but I may as well make sure." He is sure now. The beautiful little box with the beautiful little key contained old worthless iron padlocks. No news of the thief. Every reader will see at once how the swindle was accomplished. The man had two beautiful little boxes with two beautiful little keys in that innocent little bag, and of course gave the right one (that is for him) to the clerk when he left.

Cruelty of Indians.

Referring to his personal experience of raids, General L. G. Brown, a revenue officer in Texas, says: "In July last a band of Indians came upon my ranch near the Neuces. Two of my herdsmen (Mexicans) were in bathing when they discovered the approach of the Indians. One ran hardly ten feet before he was captured; the other ran naked and barefoot over the prickly pears and thorns, and gave the alarm to the ranch. The people at the ranch escaped, but the poor naked Mexican was caught by the savages and killed. His companion lay trembling, hidden in the brush, where he could see and hear all that was going on, but did not dare to move." The eye-witness of the horrible business says they first tied the hands of the poor man behind his back, then listened awhile to his pleadings for life. Finally they apparently yielded to his piteous requests and told him to run. As he did so a Kickapoo squaw sent an arrow through his body. He lived but a short time. Within an hour, in the same neighborhood, five other Mexican shepherds were slain by those Indians. This raid afforded them very little booty.

On the 2d of November last another raid was made, in which they carried off Domingo, one of the General's Mexican shepherds, and Juanita Trevino, the wife of another shepherd, also a Mexican. This time they had the ranch surrounded before their presence was discovered. The head shepherd, Severiano, was outside of the line, and, riding up, discovered them. He shouted the alarm and fled, closely pursued. The husband of Juanita saved himself by hiding. By this raid the robbers captured considerable property at the General's ranch. On a previous expedition they captured 90 horses at a neighboring ranch. The prisoners have never been heard from. The General's ranch superintendent mustered his men, pursued this party, and came in sight of them but could not engage them.

English Life.

The life of the English aristocracy is different from what our people suppose. In the latter part of April they go into London for the "season," which lasts until August or September. This time of four or five months is spent in giving and attending dinners, parties, balls, and receptions, at which appear all the grand people of the realm, and distinguished literary and scientific men are always present. This is what might be called a useless, if not a wicked life. But with September there is a change. A few may then go to the Continent, but the great majority return to the country to remain for seven or eight months. Here really are their homes, rural, charming, and surrounded by every comfort. The pleasant autumn weather is enjoyed in forest and field, in orchard and in flower garden—there are beautiful drives to village, shire-town, and country-seats, and there are honored guests in every house. The care of the estate, the welfare of the tenants and dependent friends, and the general interests of the section and the county occupy much of the time, while strength and health are acquired and maintained in frequent hunting excursions. Thus it is to be seen that the life and the dearest ties of the best families in England are connected with rural affairs and a proprietorship of the soil. The American idea is that the highest and best life is to be found in the city, or at least in a suburb, and that life in the genuine country surrounded by country sights and sounds is dull and to be despised. Perhaps we shall learn better some day, and come to the conclusion that true gentility and broad culture and the heartiest enjoyment are to be found remote from crowded thoroughfares. We can understand from the English life how so many families have perpetuated themselves for hundreds of years, though it is certainly true that much was due to the law of primogeniture by which real estate descended to the oldest son.

IMMIGRATION.—The Bureau of Statistics reports that the number of immigrants who arrived in the United States during the quarter ending on the 30th of September last, was 120,783—of whom only 12,667 were skilled workmen. Of the total number, 29,274 were under 15 years of age; 15 and under 40 years, 72,494; 40 and upward, 19,015. These figures show that the great majority of the immigrants are children or young men and women.—*futurecitizens,* who are not too old to learn, nor incapable of doing the work that is waiting for them.

Six Terrible Days.

Floating on a Lake Superior Ice Island Without Food.

A short time ago four Shebandowan gold explorers, named Thomas Watson, George Fisher, Edward Linder and Harry Zech, started from a point on the Canadian shore, below Thunder Bay, to cross the lake to Isle Royal. The ice was supposed to be three or four feet in thickness, and they felt perfectly safe in undertaking the journey. Unfortunately they made little or no provision for the trip, each supposing that the other had a plentiful supply of bread and pork in his pack.

They leisurely walked along on their course until near night-fall, when it was proposed they should sup. On opening their sacks and spreading their blankets on the ice, it was discovered that but three of them had any food whatever, and these three had but about four pounds of bread and a pound and a half of boiled beef between them. However, they divided up their stock and made a tolerable meal, expecting to reach their destination next morning.

What was left of their repast, consisting of a slice of meat half an inch thick and about the size of a man's hand and, two small loaves, was gathered up, and the four walked on their journey, the night being clear and the weather calm. Toward morning, however, one of them, George Fisher, gave out, and they concluded to take a rest. So they lay down, and after conversing awhile fell asleep. When they awoke the sun was shining brightly, but there was considerable wind blowing and the air was piercingly cold.

Fisher continuing to evince signs of illness the party resolved to retrace their steps, but on walking northward for some twenty miles, to their utter astonishment and dismay they discovered that the ice cake on which they were was surrounded by open water on all sides; in fact, that they were on an island of ice some ten miles in circumference, as nearly as they could judge. Fears for their safety now took possession of them, and in their agony they cried aloud for relief. But no one heard their voice.

Night was fast approaching and with it came a swifter and colder wind than that which had been blowing all day. Penned in as it were, and beyond the possibility of human aid, their mental sufferings were terrible, for they beheld death staring them in the face; but, added to these, came the pinching anguish of hunger.

Fisher, who had once been "cast away" on the ocean, and who appeared to be suffering from a raging fever, was the only one at this stage of their existence who appeared to realize the necessity of husbanding to the last what little they had in the way of eatables. He suggested that, as there were four of them in a bad scrape, it would be right and proper that the bread and meat on one hand should be divided into four equal parts, and that each man should subdivide his allowance into six portions which, if they used but one portion a day, would sustain life for nearly a week.

His argument told on his companions in distress and they acquiesced. The bread and meat was therefore cut up into four parts and then each separated his share into six moities. By mutual consent they resolved not to eat anything until next morning; and sorrowfully they spread their blankets on the cold ice and laid down. Worn out with cold, hunger and fatigue, they soon fell into a sound slumber, from which they were aroused about day-light by the thunder-like sound caused by the cracking of the ice.

About 8 o'clock a. m., this being the third day they were out, they ate their "breakfast" in silence, the meal consisting of about a mouthful of bread and a piece of beef about the size of a ten cent piece and as thin as a wafer. Their feelings, as they gazed at each other, can better be imagined than described. They observed, on a close inspection, that the mass of ice on which they were was being moved northwestwardly, and their hopes revived. It was likewise getting colder, and they began to feel assured the open space between them and the main body of the ice would soon freeze over.

But these hopes were of short duration, for, during the approach of night, the wind veered around and blew their island westward. They were strong-hearted men, though, and Fisher, who had become rested and whose fever had left him, cheered them on and roused them up. Indeed, his courage was astonishing under the circumstances and stood in bold contrast with the others who, without him, would have laid down and died from sheer hopelessness.

That day and the two following were spent in vain lamentations at the hardness of their fate and wishes to be on shore, but no shore was within sight and the sun went down and darkness came upon them.

On the morning of the sixth day, Fisher, who may be said to be the only one among them who had ever before been in real danger, suddenly threw his cap into the air, and astonished them by yelling out "Land ho!" as he pointed to the northward. They all looked with strained eyes, and, sure enough, there it was about eight or ten miles off.

They immediately started for it on the double-quick, and in about three or four hours stepped ashore at a point about six miles below a small stream emptying into the lake some ten miles east of Pigeon river. Once safe on land, the saved men became cheerful, and made their way down

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., April 3, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with ethcash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

Mifflin county went against license two weeks ago, notwithstanding which the landlords over there are petitioning court for license as heretofore, and the applicants are advertised in the Lewistown papers, to be up at April term. This course has been taken by the Mifflin county landlords on account of a letter, said to have been written by Senator Petriken, in which he gives the assurance that the local option act would be repealed this session yet, on account of the vote at the recent elections having shown a large majority in the state in favor of license. Should the act be repealed, then the Mifflin county landlords would be in good time to carry their point at next court, having filed their applications and advertised same acecording to the requirements of the late license law.

As was announced in last week's REPORTER, the local option elections, held two weeks ago, in a majority of the counties, went overwhelmingly in favor of licenses, just the opposite of the counties which held their elections one or two months earlier The vote all through was a light one, but the total now, in the entire state, shows a large majority for license.

After a great deal of debate and considerable uncertainty the Centennial Appropriation bill has at length passed through both branches of the Legislature. It has been amended so as secure $1,000,000 for the event, instead of $500,000 as was set forth in the bill. The greater portion of this amount is to be collected from the passenger rail roads of Philadelphia in the shape of three per cent. tax upon their gross receipts. It may be that this source of revenue will be sufficient to cover the entire million, but should it not there is yet a provision in the bill that the State Treasury can be drawn upon, at the most, for only $250,000.

Our member, *Mr.* Orvis, was the champion, in the House, of the provisio that the greater portion of this centennial appropriation shall be collected from the Philadelphia passenger railroads, which lines will reap fortunes during the centennial. By this provision there remains secured to the State Treasury several hundred thousand dollars, which would have been filched from it but for the lead Mr. Orvis took in the matter. He is entitled to the thanks of every tax-payer in the State.

Patterson's Case Settled.

Senator Patterson's case—one of the Credit Mobilierites—is disposed of, as per Washington advices of 26th ult., as follows:

The case of ex-Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, was very briefly disposed of to-day by an agreement of the Senate to permit his pamphlet replying to the Committee who reported at the last session for his expulsion to be printed with their report. The defence was not read to the Senate, but was delivered to Senators by Mr. Patterson himself, who seemed to feel even more keenly than did Colfax the disgrace which has overtaken him. He left the capital to-day quite a wreck of his former self, and proposes to sail for Europe, where he will remain a year.

The following excellent provision has passed the Constitutional Convention:

"Section 26. No act of Assembly shall limit the amount to be recovered for injuries to person or property and in case of death from such injuries the right of action shall survive and the Legislature shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted; and no act shall prescribe any limitation of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to person or property or for other causes, different from that fixed by the general laws prescribing the time for the limitation of actions; and existing laws so prescribing are annuled and avoided."

It is reported that the President is suffering from a cold contracted on inauguration day. We never learned that he suffered from his *gold* contracted in Seneca sandstone.

Two colored members of the Alabama legislature, had a fight the other day about a pistol. Really, Sambo is coming fast into the usages of white trash legislators.

The next ticket of the rads should have Colfax for President with Ames for Vice, which would be putting those fellows where they "would do most good."

—A medal, a relic of the log cabin and hard-cider campaign of 1840, was left at our office the other day, by Mr. David Lohr, a Buffalo Run democrat. It was found by Mrs. Lohr while digging in the garden, some years ago. On one side is stamped a picture of Gen. Harrison, on the opposite side a log-cabin. It at once brings back to our recollection the fat promises of 1840—32 years ago—when all were to have "two dollars a day and good roast beef," if Gen. Harrison was elected. Those allurring promises found a good many dupes, and "Tippicanoe & Tyler too" won the day, but the two dollars a day didn't make their appearance, and the good roast beef continued under the hides of the bovines and the laborer had to content himself with his accustomed fare, while the roast beef was only within the reach of the rich. The common classes found themselves humbugged by promises only made to catch their votes, a game which politicians can still play so successfully at the present day when with each campaign, are bred new promises to mislead the people.

DETAILS OF THE FORGERIES ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND—THE PLANS DEVISED AND ENGINEERED BY AN AMERICAN.

New York, March 17.—London papers of the 3d and 4th are at hand, with the following details of the great forgeries on the Bank of England: It was discovered on Saturday that bills to an enormous amount had been forged upon all the principal houses in the city of London, and that these bills had been discounted at the West-end branch of the Bank of England, in Burlington Gardens, which does an entirely different kind of business from the parent establishment in the city. It is intended for the convenience of gentlemen and ladies and West-end tradesmen, who might find it inconvenient to journey to the city in order to transact their occasional business. It is not, therefore, ordinarily concerned with large bill transactions of city commerce, and in consequence is less bound by strict regulations in dealing with any business of that nature which might accidentally be brought to it. The conspirators must have been aware of this, and they laid their plans for approaching the Bank of England by this weaker portion of its defenses. Warren, an American, who managed the plot, was in no hurry and took care to gain good footing before he ventured on his ultimate enterprise. *He* behaved for sometime just like an ordinary customer of good resources. He drew upon his balance and renewed it, but kept it always a good figure. After a while he deposited some bills. They were good and genuine bills. Still he was careful not to be hasty, and he continued his transactions with the bank until he had acquired the reputation of a person engaged in legitimate commerce and thoroughly trustworthy. At length the moment came for the presentation of forged bills. They were discounted without hesitation, and the authors of the fraud had to all appearance succeeded in safely pocketing about one hundred thousand pounds. All these arrangements were master-pieces of ingenuity and patience, but the bills themselves must have given the greatest amount of labor. In the first place many of the large firms upon whom the bills purported to be drawn are in the habit of using a peculiar kind of paper with certain water-marks and printed matter. All this would have to be imitated, and, as the bills were drawn on more than one firm, there must have been several such imitations. There then remained the drawing of the bills and affixing the signatures, and each bill must have required a series of feats in successful forging. Some bills were backed by several acceptors, so that there might easily be as many as half a dozen signatures on a single bill. Yet the bills were so perfect that not one of them was questioned on the ground of the acceptances not appearing genuine. But the men who had exerted a skill, foresight and perseverance sufficient to insure the unhesitating acceptance of the forged bills could not escape one trivial blunder which revealed the plot. They presented two bills in which the date of acceptance had been omitted. Inquiry was of course made of the firm whose acceptance was thus undated, and it was discovered that the bills were not genuine, and the whole series was then found to be forgeries. How much further the plot might have been carried it is impossible to say. Advertisements published caution bankers, brokers and all other persons against dealing in a number of United States five-twenty, ten-forty and funded loan bonds, amounting in the aggregate to $237,000, they, it is alleged, having been acquired out of the profits of the forgery. The loss to the Bank of England is stated at eighty thousand pounds. The Rothchilds are mentioned as one of the firms on which forged drafts were drawn, but no other names are given.

A HEARTLESS MURDER.

A Saloon Keeper Kicks a Customer out and then Shoots Him.

Dubuque, Iowa, March 25.—The village of Monona, Iowa, was on Saturday night, the scene of a most heartless murder. One Blagbun, a notorious character, keeper of a saloon, enticed Lyman Ingalls, a young man of quiet, unassuming manners, into his saloon, and after getting him drunk kicked him out of doors. Ingalls attempted to re enter, and finding the door locked, began pounding and and kicking for admission, which proving of no use, he went round to the back door, when Blagbun, now enraged at having his rest broken, rose and seized a shot-gun, muttering "I'll stop your noise," and going up to Ingalls fired, the charge entering the heart and coming out at the neck, killing him instantly. Much excitement prevailed and threats of lynching were made, but the authorities succeeded in getting him lodged in jail. Ingalls was burried, an immense crowd following his remain to the grave.

The primitive mode of counting and weighing nails has left some reminders of itself in our modern nomenclature. We say four penny, six-penny, ten-penny nails, and so on. Nails used to be counted by the 1,000; and when they were of such a size that 1,000 of them weighed four pounds, they were called four pound nails, and similarly six-pound and ten pound nails, and in rapid speaking the "pound" became corrupted to "penny" which is more easily uttered by the organs, as any one will see who will try it for himself. Thus the current designation of sizes depended originally upon weights.

MISSISSIPPI HURRICANE.

Canton, Miss., March 29.—A hurricane swept through this city last night destroying many houses and it is reported killing several people. Two loaded cars were lifted from the railroad track and one of them was badly wrecked. The track of the hurricane is about one hundred yards wide. Fifty houses were destroyed. Loss $100,000. Only one life was lost, a negro woman, and about five persons were injured, none seriously.

A Ticket for 1876.

From the Cincinnati Inquirer.

For President, Schuyler Colfax ("S. C. or bearer") of South Bend; for Vice-President, Oakes Ames of North Easton. These gentlemen have been warmly endorsed by their immediate constituents, and, of course, should be placed where they will do most good.

The roll of purchased seats in the Senate, according to the Chicago Tribune, now includes Caldwell, of Kansas, Clayton, of Arkansas, Harlan, of Iowa, Ramsey and Windom, of Minnesota, Hitchcock, of Nebraska, Carpenter, of Wisconsin, and Cameron, of Pennsylvania. These gentlemen are to be reinforced on March 4 by Sargent, of California, Mitchell, of Oregon, Patterson, of South Carolina, and Jones, of Nevada, and these are only those who have been found out.

Bond Robbery in Broad Street.

How Two Young Men Became Possessed of $168,000 Worth of Bonds.

The bold bond robbery perpetrated in Wall street on Saturday continues to be a topic of interest and speculation. A Sun reporter yesterday called upon Col. S. C. Johnson, President of the Pennsylvania Western Railroad, in his office, 50 Broad street. Col. Johnson said that last Saturday morning, about 11 o'clock, Mr. Roosevelt, an officer of the Company, with another official, went to the Safe Deposit Company in Broadway to get some bonds of the railroad. Mr. Roosevelt carried the bonds and his companions walked by his side. In Broadway, near Wall street, two men jostled Mr. Roosevelt, who asked his companions to walk a few feet ahead of him until they reached the office. Mr. Roosevelt said he was afraid that somebody would throw pepper in his eyes and rob him. Reaching the office, Mr. Roosevelt was left alone with the bonds, whose nominal value was $168,000.

Col. Johnson occupies two offices on the ground floor. The front one faces the street. In the rear of this office there is a high desk, running across the room. The back office is directly behind the desk, and is also accessible from the main hall by a door, which is always locked. A few moments after Mr. Roosevelt had placed the bonds at one end of the high desk two well-dressed young men entered the office, and after making the usual inquiries about the road, one of them, who is described as a short man with a sandy complexion, asked permission to write a note, which was granted. His companion asked to be allowed to go into the back room and adjust his dress. At this juncture Mr. Roosevelt grew cautious, and going to the desk he stood with his elbow on the bonds, and did not turn his back toward the man in the rear office for an instant. The young man in the front office finished his letter, and both men politely bowed themselves out.

After their departure *Mr.* Roosevelt took the bonds to the other end of the desk and threw a soiled towel, an old shawl, and several other articles over them, and sat down at another desk near the window to write. About an hour later Col. Johnson entered and then the bonds were missed. When Col. Johnson stepped from the office before the bonds were stolen he locked the door of the rear office leading to the hall on the inside. It is thought that confederate No. 2 went into the rear room to ascertain whether anybody was there, and that he subsequently picked the lock from the outside. The thieves must have done their work very quietly to pick the lock of the back office while the key was in it, open the door, and then go into the front office where Mr. Roosevelt was sitting, remove the towel, shawl, and other articles from the bonds, and depart without disturbing Mr. Roosevelt.

The bonds were numbered from 57 to 238, and will be valueless to the thieves, as they had not been put on the market. Col. Johnson said that he had intended to send them to Europe to-day. The detectives are at work, and Mr. Roosevelt said that the company knows more concerning the thieves than it desires to give to the public.

For the Reporter.

Natural Ability.

We invite our young workers of education, to reflect on a subject, that causes many a young mind to retire in despair. They are burdened with the idea that their companions have more natural ability than they have. Indeed, the minds of Philosophers are tormented by this very thought. Is the mind created with the germ of knowledge within it, or has it only the power to acquire it? Confessing that eminent men uphold the doctrine of *innate ideas*, we have sufficient evidence that it is more philosophical to believe that the elements of our first knowledge are acquired. We believe the mind to be a pure spirit, an intellectual being, without any ideas comparing it to a white sheet of paper, ready to write any kind of knowledge on. Likewise will there be written on, if not good, why then bad, for the human mind is provided with ample power for improvement, and the only way to acquire knowledge is by mental activity; would it be rational to suppose that God would create one man wise and the other ignorant? No; we all have that blank sheet of paper given to us as a heritage, and he who improves the gift, reaps the reward in abundance. He who neglects, reaps it in sorrow. It is sad to think that many parents who are now laid low in the earth, have deprived their children from improving that heritage which God has given them; we should ever remember that we have the whole world before us, and that there is always room for new inventions; also that our minds are as susceptible to make them as the minds of others. It is an encouraging thought to know that our minds stand on a level with those of our fellowmen at the time of creation. But we must not forget that the human intellect grows only by its own inherent energies; these men who have bright intellects made them so by mental activity. He who desires to become a scholar, must make improvement, and the only way to do so is by hard work, and time will soon tell that natural smartness is an absurdity. VAL.

At the recent session Congress increased Grant's salary from 25,000 to $50,000; gave him 35,000 to buy new furniture; $5,000 to pay his gas bill, $5,000 to buy coal; and $6,000 for his glass flower garden. Besides this, it is only a little while since between $25,000 and $30,000 were cribbed from the Treasury building appropriation to build him a billiard room and a stable. Instead of getting $50,000 a year, he actually receives over $100,000. Pretty well, this, for a plain Republican President.

PLAYING SMALL POX.

Louisville, March 28.—Thomas Smith, murderer of Thomas Braden, in May, 1871 who is to be hanged here to-day, held interviews in the jail yesterday, with the reporters of the papers here.

Some time ago Smith rubbed croton oil on his face and person, producing blisters which resembled small pox eruptions, and complained of pains in his back and head. The jail physician, Dr. Pope, and another physician, pronounced it a case of small pox, and Smith was removed to the Eruptive hospital, from which he escaped a few hours after his arrival, and was recaptured.

Yesterday Smith wrote a statement which appears in the city papers this morning, that he paid Dr. Pope $75 for furnishing him with the croton oil and sending him to the post house. He said that he knew he had to die to-day, and would not die with a lie on his lips; that his statement was true, and he would reassert it on the scaffold to-day. It is said that Dr. Pope has the affidavits of other prisoners, stating that Smith told them a different story.

City of San Salvador Reported in Ruins from the Effects of an Earthquake.

Panama, March 19.—The steamship St. Louis, from Central American ports, arrived on the 16th. When she left the ports of Salvador, there was a report that the city of San Salvador had been destroyed by a great earthquake on the 4th inst. The telegraph lines being down, no details could be had when she was leaving.

Grant's Louisiana Usurpation.

When President Grant, without the pause which ordinary decorum required, recognized one of the rival partisan governments in Louisiana, and ordered his soldiers to intervene for its protection, he disregarded the one precedent of cautious reserve which was set by the Whig or semi Whig Administration of 1842 in the Rhode Island case. He probably never heard of it. Still less likely is he to have known of the example of a Democratic demonstration of an earlier date, which, as honest chroniclers of the past, we are tempted to reproduce.

In 1838 occured in Pennsylvania what is popularly known as the "Buckshot war." Innocuous, almost ridiculous, as it turned out to be, it threatened at one time to assume alarming proportions. Its story is one of the spoils of time of which the pages of Mr. Thaddeus Steven's life—then, as ever, artificer of evil—were very rich. In the autumn of that year he and his confederates organized a plan by which through false or rather mutilated returns, a majority of the lower branch of the Legislature should be secured to the tottering minority administration of Mr. Ritner. The game, though played boldly, was encountered by a spirit on the part or the Democracy quite as bold. The Senate Chamber was invaded by violence, and the obnoxious conspirators—Thaddeus leading the way—jumped out of the back windows and escaped. In the House of Representatives, where the relative strength of parties was nearly equalized a different result occurred. Two Speakers were elected and two houses were organized, each claiming, with threats of violence, to be the legal one. Crowds of excited men filled the ordinarily quiet streets of Harrisburg. Something very like "domestic violence" existed. The Governor was the only official whose authority was unquestioned. Then it was that his advisers took it into their heads to solicit Federal interposition, first by asking a captain of cavalry, stationed not far off, to interpose, and then by an appeal to Washington. We ask the thoughtful reader, by way of contrast, to note the process and the result. The Federal soldier was the late General, then Captain, Sumner, stationed at Carlisle Barracks, some fifteen miles off. The President was Mr. Van Buren, with Mr. Forsyth Secretary of State, Mr. Poinsett Secretary of War, and, if we mistake not, Mr. Butler Attorney-General. Governor Ritner on the 5th of December wrote to Captain Sumner:

"An insurrection having broken out at this place, by which the regular functions of the State Government have been completely interrupted and the State Capitol thrown into the possession of a lawless mob to the exclusion of the legislature, I hereby request you forthwith to march the troops at your command to Harrisburg for the protection of the constituted authorities of the commonwealth, for the suppression of the insurrection, and for the preservation of our republican form of government agreeably with the Constitution of the United States."

Instantly came the answer;

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date and hasten to reply to it. As the disturbance at the capitol of this State appears to proceed from political differences alone, I do not feel that it would be proper for me to interpose my command between the parties. If this riot proceeded from any other cause I would offer you the services of my command before you will receive this letter."

The unhappy and perplexed Governor then addressed himself to Washington, *more Kellogg*, asking for intervention under the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States. The application was referred to the Secretary of War, and to his cautious and statesmanlike reply, which we have reproduced in another column we crave especial attention. The Governor protested against the doctrines enunciated and acted upon by the Federal authorities. Militia called into service arrived on the spot to find the political difficulty quietly arranged and the scandal of Federal intrusion in a local squabble happily averted. Such was the reserve and circumspection of the wise and patriotic men of old.—*World.*

WAR DEPARTMENT, Dec. 11, 1838.

Sir: The letter addressed by your Excellency to the President of the United States under the date of the 27th instant was received yesterday and referred to this Department, where it has received that respectful and earnest consideration to which the high source whence it emanates and importance of the subject entitled it.

In this communication your Excellency informs the President that such a state of domestic violence exists at Harrisburg as to put an end, for the present, to all the exercises of the regular functions of the State Government, and renders it your duty to request the President, in accordance with the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States to take measures to protect the State of Pennsylvania against the effects of the domestic violence which your Excellency affirms to be then in existence.

The clause of the Constitution to which your Excellency refers, and the act passed in pursuance thereof, authorizes the President to call out the militia only on the application of the legistature of a State, or of the Executive of a State when the Legislature cannot be convened. The nature of the President's duty being, therefore, discretionary, it is incumbent on him to exercise the utmost care in examining into all the circumstances of the case, as well as to determine whether the occasion contemplated by the law has occurred.

The commotion which now threatens the peace of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania does not appear to rise from any opposition to the laws, but grows out of a political contest between different members of the Government, most if not all of them admitted to be the legal representative of the people constitutionally elected, about their relative rights, and especially in reference to the organization of the popular branch of the Legislature. To interfere in any commotion growing out of a controversy of so grave and delicate a character by the Federal authority armed with the military power of the Government, would be attended with the most dangerous consequences to our republican institutions. In the opinion of the President his interference in any political commotion in a State could only be justified by the application for it being clearly within the meaning of the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution, and of the act of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, and where the domestic violence brought to his notice is of such a character that the State authorities, civil and military, after having been duly called upon, have proved inadequate to suppress it.

The law, as has been already stated, requires that the interposition of the Federal Government should be invoked by the Legislature of the State, unless it cannot be convened; and notwithstanding the Speaker of the Senate states, on the 4th instant, that the body over which he presides cannot assemble; and your Excellency, in your communication of the 8th, expresses the opinion that the Legislature of Pennsylvania cannot be convened, still from subsequent information, which although not official comes in a form sufficiently authentic to entitle it to credit, it appears that both branches of the Legislature were in session in the capital of the State on the 8th inst., and transacted business there, and that the Senate received messages from the House of Representatives on that day. If this be so, (and there is no reason to doubt the fact the Legislature of the State has been convened since the date of your Excellency's letter. Nor does it appear, either from your Excellency's letter or the published documents which accompanied it, that the civil or military authorities of the State have refused to perform their respective duties in suppressing any existing disturbances. Your Excellency does not even allude to their being inadequate to suppress the domestic violence of which you complain, or to protect the Legislature in the performance of its official duties, either at the seat of government or wherever else they may be convened. It appears, on the contrary, that a portion of the mallitia of the State, who were warned by your Excellency in your proclamation of the 4th instant (an authenticated copy of which accompanies your letter) to hold themselves in instant readiness to repair to the seat of government, have, in pursuance of further requisitions and in compliance with your Excellency's orders, actually proceeded in force to Harrisburg.

Under all these circumstances the President thinks he shall best discharge the delicate and responsible duties imposed upon him by the Constitution and the laws by abstaining from adopting the measures indicated in your Excellency's application; at all events, until it shall have appeared that the State authorities are inadequate to preserve the public peace, and until his interposition is called for by the Legislature of the State, according to the Constitution and the law, or the impractibility of convening that body made certain.

With regard to the circumstance mentioned by your Excellency of certain officers of Government being present at Harrisburg, and acting as active leaders of the mob, the President has directed inquiry to be made into the facts, and your Excellency may be assured that justice shall be done in the premises. Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

J. R. POINSETT.

His Excellency Joseph Ritner, Governor of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.

"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT," ET CETERA.

There is a fued in Grant's Senatorial body-guard, says the World, and it deepens daily in bitterness. It is led one side by Morton, on the other side by Conkling; Conkling having the longest tail to his kite, but Morton having thus far rather the best of it in the actual contests. The secret spring, on both sides, is vaulting personal ambition; each of these Senators fancying in his heart that he has a chance to be Grant's successor. Morton's hopes are strengthened by the utter, irretrievable political ruin of Colfax, who, before his fall, was more generally popular in the Republican party than almost any other man in it. He would have been a formidable rival to Morton in his own State. As things look, Morton aspires to be the leading Western candidate, and the political weight of the West is every year increasing. The East will be divided between at least two candidates, Blaine and Conkling, and the division strengthens the hopes of Morton. Blaine bids fair to be backed by all New England; Conkling has no strength or popularity outside of New York; and the local feeling of the West, since Colfax's disgrace, might easily concentrate on Morton, if he could make it appear that he is not a partaker in Colfax's sins. Hence Morton has, all of a sudden, put himself forward as the champion and protagonist of—official purity! Grotesque as it may seem, he has chosen this *role*, and he made his first appearance on the boards in this singular comedy as the scour-in-chief of poor Caldwell, whom Conkling and Logan thereupon zealously defended. In this first encounter Morton won a substantial victory over Conkling and his "tail." Caldwell was forced into resigning lest a worse fate might befall him, and Morton takes the credit of pushing him out of the Senate, in spite of the defensive intrenchments of Conkling, Logan, and Carpenter.

In the next encounter, Morton thought it prudent to be less active, as the subject touched the President (with whom he does not wish to break) in too tender a spot. It related to the confirmation of Brother-in-law Casey, which Morton merely discountenanced, while his Indiana colleague, Pratt, poured in hot shot. Brother-in-law Casey was saved, and Conkling may claim to have carried the day, having the strongest "tail" in the Senate. Conkling and his following scout, with jeering derision, Mortons's new *role* of purity in elections. They say it was well for Morton that he gave them no opening in the Caldwell case, or they would have exposed him and his doing in carrying Indiana and re-elect ing himself to the Senate by bribery and corruption to which Caldwell's performances in Kansas were those of a corruptionist baby who had not cut his eye-teeth.

It is almost a pity that the session could not continue a week or two longer to keep the caldron boiling, slopping over its scalding filthy scum upon the Indiana champion of purity, and incensing the country with an exposure of the astounding rascalities by which Morton secured his election.

MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN SPAIN—LEVY EN MASSE AGAINST THE CARLISTS.

London, March 26.—Dispatches from Madrid say that Senator Castelar, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Acosta, Minister of War, will probably retire from the Spanish Cabinet.

It is also stated that a general Ministerial crisis is imminent.

The garrison at Barcelona is in open mutiny, and the officers are powerless to effect a resteration of discipline.

A band of Carlists has entered the town of Ripoll, in the province of Gerona, and is committing many excesses.

A Levy en Masse Upon Catalonia and the Neighboring Provinces.

A levy en masse upon the adult male population of Catalonia and the neighboring provinces for troops to suppress the Carlist insurrection is probable. Many Republicans who have volunteered to fight the insurgents are meeting at the appointed rendevous.

WESTERN FARMERS ON THE WAR-PATH AGAINST RAILWAY CORPORATIONS.

St. Louis, Mo., March 27.—A special despatch from Peoria, Ill., says the farmers in that section are organizing for war against the railreads. A meeting was held there to-day, which adopted a resolution declaring the farmers intended to prosecute a war on the railroad corporations until farmers' rights are recognized and respected.

A permanent organization was effected, and a feeling of earnestness and determination was manifested.

SHOT IN FUN.

Fatal Termination of an Attempted Joke.

James M'Laughlin was instantly killed on a boat in Chester river recently, under circumstances thus related by the Chestertown Transcript:

Two of the crew had been ashore gunning in the afternoon and returned about night, laying their guns on the trunk over the cabin. The young man who was killed was lying asleep in a berth, and when the cook announced supper one of the crew (not yet of age) picked up one of the guns, and noticing that there was no cap on it, remarked to the captian, who was standing near, "If this gun is not loaded I'll wake that fellow up and frighten him," and drawing the ramrod ran it down the barrel, pronouncing the gun not loaded.

Taking a seat on the rail of the boat he raised the hammer, put on a cap, and reaching forward with the gun at arm's length, ran the barrel through a small grated window in the side of the trunk to within a few inches of the sleeper's face, pulled the trigger, and instead of frightening him by the explosion of the cap, sent a load of shot through the side of the poor fellow's face and out at the back of his head, making a ghastly wound and causing death without a struggle.

AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

The Barbarous Custom of Skull Hunting—Building Houses in the Trees—A Chief's Door Ornamented with Human Heads.

[From the Sydney Morning Herald.]

H. M. S. Blanche, six guns, Capt. Courtland H. Simpson, left Sydney, N. S. W., on 12th May for the South Sea Islands, with orders to visit as many islands, bechede-mer fisheries, and pearl stations as possible; to obtain all the reliable information with regard to British subjects reported murdered, the practice of skull hunting, treatment of islanders employed on fisheries and plantations, the practice of kidnapping, and collect information on these and all other subjects of interest.

The practice of skull hunting is a most barbarous custom of the natives of the islands, who in many cases undoubtedly have been assisted by white men, brought about in the following manner: A vessel arrives at one of the islands, and the king is informed by the master of the vessel that he is desirous of trading and bartering. The answer is that he has so much cocoanut oil, &c., which he is willing to part with for trade gear, providing he will allow some of his (the king's) warriors to take a passage in the vessel to such and such an island with whom they are at war. This is agreed on, and a number of these so-called warriors are embarked. On arriving at the island the unsuspecting natives, as usual, come alongside, when these so-called warriors suddenly attack, kill them, and cut off their heads, which are kept and placed on pegs in their taboo houses as trophies; the master of the vessel on his return secures the trade as before promised in exchange for tobacco, pipes, &c., as most fancied and wanted by the natives. It is but right to state that, although it has been reported by the missionaries on these islands that white men have assisted in these barbarous practices of skull hunting, yet no single case has been fully proved.

At Isabel Island, Solomon Group, they have a curious mode of building houses in the trees, which is peculiar to this island only. The tree village visited was built on the summit of a rocky steep mountain, about 806 feet above the sea, and was very difficult to ascend; the native path, which without a guide, could hardly have been discerned, being slippery, and leading through a woods thickly grown with bushes, creepers, &c. On arriving at the summit of this mountain, which was one mass of enormous rocks, among which were growing the gigantic trees, in the branches of which the houses of the natives are built, the stems of these trees are perfectly smooth, without a branch for some 50 to 120 feet. One house was visited which was some seventy to eighty feet from the ground, and the ascent was by means of a ladder, made of some pliable tree, or some very strong creeper, somewhat resembling the vine; this ladder is made fast to a post within the house, and can be pulled up at pleasure. The houses are firmly and well made, capable of containing a dozen people, and are used at night to sleep in when threatened by their enemies, so as to guard against surprise, all of them being fortified with a number of large stones, which the occupants throw with great dexterity and precision. At the foot of these trees is the day hut, used for eating, &c.

At one of the villages on the sea shore of Isabel Island a most sickly and repulsive sight presented itself. Across the door of the chief's house were nailed twenty-three or twenty-five human heads, taken about three weeks previously by the chief and his followers from some of his fellow islanders. The attack has been made from the rear, as was evident by the skulls; the flesh was still on the bones, the eyes protruding, jaws broken, and the stench frightful The bodies of all these men had been eaten.

At Lugunor Island, Caroline Group, where it is doubtful if any white men had been for years, as no sign of traffic was found, the men wore their hair in regular European fashion, chignons being commonest, which were kept up by a comb having four teeth, the top part of the comb that was visible being carved, and the whole surmounted with a cock's feather, giving them rather an effeminate appearance. At Hogolu Islands, Caroline Group, the natives were very much frightened, having entirely deserted during the night the village off which the Blanche anchored. The next day, seeing a number of canoes collected together, a boat was sent to endeavor to persuade them to come alongside and barter. After a time the boat succeeded in getting among them. They were all quite naked, painted in rugular savage style, and the boats loaded with spears, slings, and stones. They eventually came alongside and were friendly.

At St. Matthias's, Solomon Group, no anchorage could be found. The natives came down to the beach in great numbers, and seemed very anxious for the vessel to stop, shouting and gesticulating in the most absurd manner. Both men and women were quite naked; the latter wore a sort of apron behind.

At New Hanover, Solomon Group, it is very doubtful if white men had ever been there before, as the natives were ignorant of the use of tobacco, and took in exchange for their spears, &c., which they brought for barter, paper, printed or not, and when obtained they knew not what to do with it. They were arrant thieves, and very expert. One was detected stealing a shirt which was hung up some distance inside a port, and when chastised by the indignant owner smiled pleasantly, apparently only sorry at being detected.

Visited the southeast coast of New Guinea, but it was so full of shoals at even four or five miles from the land that it was dangerous to proceed, so had to turn back after anchoring for one night. The natives came off to us in very large canoes having enormous outriggers. They were fine-looking men, quite naked, not very dark in color, and wore their hair frizzled out.

The Blanche arrived at Sydney 189 days since leaving, during which time the vessel had been over 13,000 miles of water, being seventy miles a day including all stoppages, anchored at twenty-five islands, and passed close to about thirty others. The engines have made 226,671 revolutions, and the ship's company had eight days of fresh meat and 181 of salt meat.

GEORGIA AND A PROPHET OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

Augusta, Ga., March 26.—Joseph F. Furry, a so-called prophet of "the new dispensation," was tried at Appling, Columbus County, to-day, on charges of adultery and fornication, before County Judge Gibson. Curry came from Massachusetts with a colony of about 200 men and women over a year ago, and bought lands and settled in Columbus County. They lived in tents and held the property in common. Curry called himself "Elijah" and "The Prophet of Jehovah"—supreme in things spiritual and temporal. The colony went on swimingly for a brief period, but the "prophet" took too many wives. Jealousy and insubordination ensued in the colony, and many of the colonists returned to Massachusetts, being provided with free passage to the nearest seaports, either Charleston or Savannah. Finally the colony became so demoralized, and Curry so licentious, that the Grand Jury indicted him and his queen paramour. Curry, robed in white linen with head and feet bare, in imitation of the Saviour, appeared before the Court. His queen appeared in the same attire, with white stockings on her feet and a white bow on her head. Speaking in his own defence, he maintained that men and women could live together without cohabiting, and that by mortification and prayer they could become perfect. He repelled the charge of insanity, and displayed much erudition and familiarity with the Scriptures. He said he had revelations after revelations that a new era had dawned, when men and women should come out of the natural order of things to a higher state of purity.

After speeches from the prosecution and defence jury retired, and after half an hour's absence returned with a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. Sentence has been deferred for a few weeks. It is thought that the prophet and his followers will be given an opportunity to find another Canaan far away from here in which to pitch their tents.

W. A. CURRY,
BOOT & SHOE MAKER
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 13 1y.

FURNITURE!
Grand Opening
FOR 1872.
AT
JOHN CAMP'S
MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS,
of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common. Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.

jan12.tf.

A. SUSSMAN
LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins
French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises
OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

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and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.

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BOSTON
Boot & Shoe Store!
A NEW ESTABLISHMENT
With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.
B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

B. C. DEININGER. A. C. MUSSER.
MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

New Firm—New Enterprse.

DEININGER & MUSSER,

(Successors to B. C. DEININGER)

We would most respectfully inform the public, that they have taken charge of this old and successful establishment, and propose to carry on the same under renewed auspices.

They have on hand, and will make to order

MONUMENTS,
COUCHES,
TOMBS &
HEADSTONES,

of any possible design, and price. We use the best grades of marble—

ITALIAN,
CARARA,
AMERICAN STATUARY,
RUTLAND &c.,

and say with perfect assurance, "Our work is our reference."

Shop, [east of Bridge, Millheim.

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No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, &C. P. R. WILSON. THOMAS A. HICKS. THE PLACE TO BUY CHEAPEST

HARDWARE STORE!!

WILSON & HICKS,

Bellefonte, Pa.,

(Successors to IRWIN & WILSON,)

Respectfully inform the citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stock of Hardware to be found, consisting of Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Shoes, Axels, Spring Wagon Skeins and Boxes, Complete stock of carpenter tools and builders hardware, locks, oils, paints, glass, varnishes, brushes, cucumber pumps and tubing. Lamps af all kinds, scales, cutlery,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

Full line of saddlery and coach makers goods, wood work for buggies and wagons, ploughs, harrows, cultivators and grindstones. Looking glasses and mirror plates. Picture frames made to order. They also have the celebrated cook stove,

SUSQUEHANNA,

every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction. All kinds of parlor stoves. We are determined to sell at the lowest prices for cash, or on short credit—not to exce

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY APRIL 3, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

☞ Subscribers changing their post-office address the coming spring, should not fail to give us due notice, so that the Reporter can be mailed accordingly. 1m.

☞ We have several copies of a very valuable work, "The Great Industries of the United States," an historical summary of the origin, growth, and perfection of the chief industrial arts of this country. The book is handsomely bound, 1304 pages with over 500 fine illustrations. Any one sending us ten new subscribers with the cash, will receive a present of this valuable work. mar13 4t.

—Alex. Shannon's sale, on account of the rain, on 29th ult., was postponed to Friday, April 4th, at 1 o'clock.

—Persons in Mifflin county, needing the services of a millwright, will do well to apply to Wm. H. Ripka, at Lewistown Junction.

—Dr. John Alexander, of Millheim, intends settling down at Edwardsburg, Michigan, in the practice of medicine.

—A BIG ROAST.—On the night of the 1st of March, Samuel Shaffer's smoke house, near Tylersville, caught fire and burnt to the ground with about 1600 weight of ham and shoulders.

—R H. Duncan's six mules were knocked off at public sale, to James Huston, of Nittany, at $1,000.

—We've had winter from beginning to end this year, and a good spell over.

—Alex. Shannon, esq., contemplates moving to Illinois. Wm. B. Mingle from Aaronsburg to Centre Hall, Jno. N. Hoffer to Mifflin county, James Ripka, a native of this county, from Mifflintown to Lewistown.

—D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, is about to start a bank in North Carolina.

—Edw. J. Evans & Co., Nurserymen, York, Pa., offer to send garden seeds by mail on receipt of price, and have also a large variety of young trees and plants for sale.

—President Grant has oppointed James Milliken, of Bellefonte, commissioner to the Vienna exposition, He will depart begining of this month.

—H. N. McAllister, Esq., member of the constitutional convention, was home on a visit, last week. Mr. McAllister has been rather ill for some time, which is very much to be regretted, as he is one of the fairest and ablest members of that body on the republican side. He has labored hard, and his sole aim seems to be directed towards framing a constitution that will remedy many of the evils that now afflict us from unprincipled politicians. Mr. McAllister is impartial, honest and pure, and an honor to our county.

—At Ruhl's grocery, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, will be found a full line of the best and finest groceries. Mr. Ruhl is a plain, honest, fair-dealing gentleman, who desires to please his customers—he sells cheap, and invites Pennsvalley farmers to call and see him and examine his stock and prices, satisfied that in every particular satisfaction will be rendered those who patronise him.

—The Tuten Republican says Mr. Orvis controls the REPORTER. Now what warrant have the Tutens for such an assertion? There is no shadow of truth in it. Neither Mr. Orvis nor any one else controls this paper. We have not heard from Mr. Orvis save what see in the Record nor seen him for three months. We are able to control our own paper, and own it too, and have never yet been controlled by any one. We repeat, what warrant have the Tutens for this assertion? Even if Mr. Orvis did control it, we would not need feel ashamed about it, at all.

—Wm. P. Dale, of Agr. College, has obtained a patent on a new cultivator.

We are informed that Geo. Foot takes charge of the *Berichter* this week. George is a practical printer from Union county, and we wish him success.

—The new bank, at this place, went into operation, on 1st. Its title is "The Pennsvalley Banking Company." This institution will be quite a convenience to the people on this side the county, as a bank at this point will save many a trip across the mountain, heretofore necessary when having bank business.

The firm composing this new bank, Messrs. Jas. A. Beaver, John Harris, J. D. Shugert, John and Peter Hoffer, is a strong and reliable one as will at once be recognized by all who know these gentlemen, and every accommodation needed by the people of this valley, will be afforded. The cashier, Mr. Wm. B. Mingle, will be found an obliging and accommodating gentleman.

The new bank is in a 1½ story building, opposite the REPORTER office, on the Hoffer lot. Everything about it is new, snug and neat as a pin. This building will only be temporary, as it is undoubtedly the intention of the company at some future time, to erect a larger and handsomer one upon the same site.

—The heavy rain on Saturday caused the boom in Meyer's mill dam south of Aaronsburg, to break, by which several hundred logs belonging to Meyer & Hoffer went adrift.

List of Grand Jurors for April Term, Commencing Monday 28, 1873.

Bellefonte Boro'—Dr. Jas. Dobbins, Jno. Wagner.
Philipsburg—Isaac Harris, Geo. Packer.
Benner twp—David Lohr, W. Tate, Eli. Baney.
Boggs—Jacob B Shope.
Curtin—Warren Lucas.
Ferguson—Jno Sholl.
Gregg—Philip Shook.
Haines—Emanuel Musser.
Harris—G H Jacobs.
Huston—J Williams.
Liberty—Jno Clark.
Miles—Jas Freeman, Jas Mallory.
Penn—Thos Frank, James Mauck, Sam'l Krape.
Rush—Geo Goldman.
Spring—Sam'l Noll, Wm Bell.
Worth—Jno Simpson.

List of Traverse Jurors, April 28th.

Bellefonte Boro'—J P Gephart. Christian Derr, Peter Smith, Geo. Bayard, Edward Brown.
Philipsburg—Benj Jones.
Howard—J W Packer.
Milesburg—J C Thomas, Jno Parsons.
Unionville—Edward Lucas.
Benner twp—Christ Dale.
Boggs—Jno Shope, W Airnen, David D Shope.
Ferguson—Levi Kreps, Edward Hess.
Gregg—Jacob McCool, Sam'l Harter, Isaac Strunk, O P Rearick, J Rossman, Thomas Jamison.
Harris—David Stewart, Jno Ross, Eman'l Richie—Levi Murray.
Haines—Thos Motz.
Howard—Jonathan Schneck.
Halfmoon—Jno Wilson.
Liberty—Jno DeHass.
Marion—Jno Butler.
Miles—Jno Throne.
Penn—Adam Hosterman.
Potter—Sam'l Bible, Joseph Gilliland, John Slack.
Rush—Henry Calhoun, Dan'l Holt, J J Batchler, W Spliter.
Spring—Jno Reckey.
Taylor—Wm Calderwood.
Union—Harvey Hoover, Geo Black, J G Alexander.
Walker—Jno Lord.
Worth—Jesse Weodring.

2nd Week commencing, May 5, 1873.

Bellefonte Boro'—Jonathan Harper, S C Hunter, Jno Powers.
Philipsburg—J W Jones, Wm Burns.
Unionville—J C Smith, E A Russle.
Milesburg—A Peters.
Benner twp—Joseph Marshall.
Boggs—Wm Marks, Frank McCoy.
Ferguson—Henry Krebs, Jno Musser.
Gregg—Sam'l Crawford, Jos Alters, Jos Smith.
Harris—Philip Swartz, Isreal Condo.
Haines—Luther Kurtz, J G Meyer.
Huston—A Williams, D H Baumgardner.
Halfmoon—Jno Miller.
Miles—Jacob Brumgard, J H Zeigler.
Marion—Henry Yearick.
Potter—H P Sankey, W Goodhart.
Rush—D M Bilgor, Jno Collins, George Moffat.
Spring—Jno K Tate.
Union—Andrew Thompson.
Walker—Adam Yonaca, Jno Boyer.
Worth—E P Jones.

"AN OFFER" AND A BETTER ONE.—Mr. Meek, in last week's *WatchMan*, makes an offer to take from the REPORTER every cent's worth of county printing. This is very characteristic of one who has always tried to gobble up all offices and the printing for years, to the exclusion of everybody else. Look at the Auditor's statement of this and preceeding years, and see how much larger share he has drawn than any one else, and now he wants all, so as to injure the REPORTER, because he thinks no paper should be published in the county besides his. Mr. Meek's offer is to do all the printing we have heretofore done free of charge, on condition that we be deprived of all share in the county printing. How can Meek do this? Simply because he has heretofore charged the county *such enormous prices for his work that the profits will actually warrant him in making such an "offer,"* and he still be having a good thing. This is Tweedism on a small scale. Do you see it reader? Now lets go to the statement for the proof, and then see will make an "offer."

The auditor's statement shows that Mr. Meek drew at one time, for county printing for 1870, about..... $250.00
A year later he drew for '70 and '71, 857.00
Year after that, again for '70 and '71 572.80

Total $1680.20

Making for that one term of '70 & '71 cunningly collected in different years, to avoid suspicion, the sum of **$1660 PAID P. G. MEEK** for printing! Do tax payers see it now? and on the profits of this he now can afford, as he offered last week, to take the REPORTER'S share free. Now we would agree, as Mr. Meek has started this game of "offering," to do what Mr. Meek did, and for which he drew $1660, for one half that sum, and still have a profit, and thus save the county $830, and serve his subscribers with the copies of the REPORTER containing county advertising free of charge. We will do better, we will include in our offer the paper of Mr. Meek's *confrere*, Stover, and save the $475 which he drew, and thus save the county $1300, or nearly double what our economical friend Meek proposes to save. How'll that do, neighbor? If we collect such bills off the county, as Mr. Meek does, we can do it, and that accounts for his offer, which must condemn his bills in the eyes of every tax payer. The REPORTER, on account of its independent course, is an eyesore to the Bellefonte printers, and they have been plotting for years to cry and break us down, because these Bellefonte cormorants can not swallow and gobble up every cent's worth of printing to the exclusion of such as do not live at Bellefonte. The REPORTER has never held that disposition against other papers: we are willing that others should live, but when Mr. Meek and his like propose to starve us out and break down the REPORTER, we will be satisfied to submit the matter to the democracy and all fair-minded men of Centre county.

We say above, it is characteristic of our good neighbor Meek; to show that we are not overdrawing we give another sample to illustrate it. The Watchman just now denounces congressmen for pocketing an increase of salary; we endorse all Mr. Meek says on that; but how does it tally with the fact that when he was in the legislature, in 1871, he did the same thing by pocketing an increase of $500 on salary? The one don't tally with the other. However, we guess, it would have been all right had he got a share of it. We like consistency, we like honesty, we like straightforwardness, but do not say we are ironical, when we affirm that all these good qualities are found in brother Meek.

"We do not hear any more whining from the whelp at Centre Hall, now-a-days."

The above is from a semi-occasional printed by one P. D. Stover, a perfect non-entity even when sober, and who tries to have a notice from us. This comes from an allusion in this paper to the sum of $475, which he drew from the county for advertising in 1872. Now we will be brief and to the point with this fellow: We will stake $100 against $50, that of he will furnish the file of his own paper for 1872, we can prove from it, that he DID NOT do that amount of advertising for the county, and that his circulation did not justify his taking such pay as compared with the Reporter and other county papers.

The good people of Millheim are glad to get rid of this nuisance, and the county is relieved of a sucker, whose sheet would not be known to have existed were it not that the name appeared once a year in the Auditor's statement as drawing pay for advertising for which there was no circulation. Now go from Millheim, followed by many duns and no tears. We apologise to our readers for wasting this little space upon this fellow, but it becomes a duty to call public attention to such characters.

—We notice the firm of Burnsides & Thomas merchants, for many years, now located opposite the Bush House. We can speak of no one with more pleasure and certainly deserving of merit and confidence. Their store at all times recommends itself. They are extensively known as dealers in first class goods, and offer all the advantages of the city markets. They do justly claim to be the cheapest, and give the entire profits of other merchants to their customers.

SEED POTATOES.

25 BUSHELS of PEERLESS POTATOES, for sale by the undersigned, near Centre Hall. Price $1,00 per bushel.
apr4.3t B. H. ARNEY.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—From Dark Brahmas, Parridge Cochins, Buff Cochins and Houdans. Apply to D. H. ROTE,
apr3-6t. Aaronsburg, Pa.

DEATHS.

On 29th, in Potter twp., John Gingerick, aged 88 years and 4 months.

In Woodstock, Shenandoah county, Virginia, on 6th ult., Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Mrs. H. was born in Centre county, March 24, 1836.

MARRIAGES.

On 6th ult., Mr. Wilson Rishel, of Tylersville, Clinton county, and Miss Frances H. Rockey, daughter of M. D. Rockey, Esq., of the same place.

THE SCAFFOLD.

John W. Osborne Hanged in Knoxville.

Confessing the Murder of a Woman and Steping Smilingly on the Trap.

KNOXVILLE, March 14.—John W. Osborne, the murderer of Mrs. Adelia Mathews, was brought from Galesburg to Knoxville about 5 o'clock this morning. He was in good spirits, laughing and jesting all the way with those who accompanied him. At about 11 o'clock he ate his breakfast with a good appetite. This morning he confessed to W. Mathews, brother of John Mathews, that he had killed Mrs. Mathews. He said he followed her to the cellar and hit her on the back of the head with a brick and left her. Returning, he cut her throat with a knife. He denied that he ravished her, but affirms that he was hired to kill her. This statement was written out in full and handed to the minister for publication. He expressed great contrition, and wished an interview with Mr. Mathews, which was granted.

At 1 o,clock he was brought on the scaffold and said he had written out a full confession. He made no speech and showed no fear. When asked if he was ready he said "Yes, sir," promptly, and stepped smilingly on the trap. His arms and feet were pinioned, the black cap adjusted, and at 1:11 P. M. the drop fell. His neck was not broken, and he died of strangulation. The struggles were terrible and lasted some time. In thirty minutes life was pronounced extinct and the body was cut down.

Adroit Capture of a Saw-Dust Swindler.

Wm. H. Burke, alias Geo. Moorehouse, is engaged in the "saw-dust" swindling business at No. 34 Amity street, and sent one of his circulars through the mail which circular came into possession of Captain Leary, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, who deputed Officer Francis O'Rourke to work up the case. O'Rourke went to No. 84 Amity street in the character of a countryman, and, of course, Moorehouse was not in—members of the "saw-dust" fraternity seldom answer a first call. Officer O'Rourke left his address as at the Eastern Hotel, foot of Whitehall street, and registered his name there as Wm. Arnold, the name he had given in Amity street. As he had expected, "Moorehouse" called for him today, and, after a little conversation, offered to sell him $1,000 in counterfeit money for $100 in good money. Officer O'Rourke said that terms were not so liberal as promised on the circular, and "Moorehouse" then offered $1,400 in counterfeit money for $100 in good money, and further, having been told by the officer that the latter had "come to town to pay a $150 debt on account of the Blooming Grove Association," offered to give the officer $150 in such excellent counterfeit money as could not be detected, with which to pay the debt. He also, in the course of conversation, admitted that he was "Moorehouse." The officer not having sufficient evidence, went with Captain Leary and "Moorehouse" is now in Ludlow Street Jail in default of $5,000 bail.

Three Persons Burned to Death on the Prairies of Minnesota.

Milwaukee, March 27.—A daughter and son of a farmer named Thortegan, and a son of a neighbor named Wahel, were burned to death near Read's Landing, Minnesota, on 24th ult., by being encircled by the prriarie fire they were fighting, and perished before they could escape. When found their clothes were all burned off, the flesh peeled from their bones, and they died before morning. They were aged eleven and nine.

MEXICO AND GUATEMALA.

Revolution Gaining Strength—An Ancient Temple Exhumed.

City of Mexico, March 20, via Havana, March 29.—General Alatorre has been appointed Governor of Yucatan.

The remains of an ancient temple, supposed to have been erected centuries before the discovery of Mexico, have been found in San Jose Mountains, in the State of Chiapas. Three stone statutes, representing Anahuac dignitaries, have been dug up in the vicinity of the temple.

The revolution in Guatemala is gaining strength. The Government troops have met with reverses.

CAUTION.—The following articles were purchased by the undersigned, at constable's sale, as the property of Wm. E. & Sarah A. Snyder, and I will leave the same in the possession of said parties, at my pleasure; all persons are therefore cautioned against interfering with the same in any manner whatever:

1 Calf, 4 Shoats, 2 Beds, 1 Cupboard, 1 Cookstove, 1 Bureau, 1 Clock, 1 Table, 10 Chairs, 1 Lot of Tubs, 1 Kettle, 1 Barrel and old iron, 2 Bedsteads and Stove, 1 lot of Tinware, lot of dried Fruit, lot of bottles, Pork, and 1 Wheelbarrow.
apr3-3t. JOHN H. SPICHER.

NOTICE.—The partial account of D. F. Fortney, Committee of N. Hillibish, (Lunatic,) has been filed in this office, and will be presented at the April Term of Court next, for confirmation.
A. WILLIAMS,
Prothonotary.
apr3-3t.

ORPHANS COURT SALE!!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th
1873 at 1 o'clock P. M., the
VALUABLE FARM OF 220 ACRES!

known as the property of Henry Rothrock, Sr., deceased, situated about three miles east of Bellefonte. Every foot of this property is tillable and under fence.

170 ACRES are Cleared, and in good state of cultivation. The balance consists of Fifty Acres of
ORIGINAL PINE AND OAK TIMBER

Upon the property are beds of iron ore, cement and limestone. It will be sold in two or three parts if desired, and private bids will be received until the day of sale.

Terms of Sale: One-third to remain in the premises as dowry according to the will of the deceased; one-third to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.
NANCY A. ROTHROCK,
JOHN HOFFER.
apr 3 6t

15,000 BOLTS OF WALL PAPER!

Now on exhibition at Millheim and Milroy Hardware Stores. About 85 different patterns.

PRICES RANGING FROM 10 CENTS TO $1.00 PER BOLT.

Beautiful Gilt Paper at one dollar.
Panel Paper and Parlor Decorations.

A reasonable credit will be given to responsible parties for paper, for 5 per cent deducted from prices for cash. Prices are the same at both Stores
apr 3 4m. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

J. HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVER,
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.

Pennsvalley Banking Co.

CENTRE HALL, PA.
OPENED FOR BUSINESS
APRIL 1st 1873.

PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier.
apr3.tf

Cleveland rejoices in an anti-cruelty to animal society. That would be a safe place for the Tutens to go to.

—A very remarkable old lady Mrs. Mary Sanstrason of Van Buren Me., is, for besides being 97 years of age, she had 15 children. She had a husband once, who, to say the least, was not affectionate, for he tried several times to kill her—once by firing a piece of a felled tree where she was; then by pouring melted lead into her ear; then by an energetic effort to drown her. At last this devoted husband fell from a boat and was himself drowned. Afterwards, the house in which the widow was took fire, and she only escaped death by jumping from a window. Fate must have formed a more fixed resolution than common, that this dame should die in her bed.

One of the latest jokes on Cincinnati comes from St. Louis and is to the effect that the Pork City is building a Brobdignagian sausage for the Vienna Exhibition. It will require the Great Eastern to tow it across the ocean, after it has been floated down the Mississippi to the Gulf. It is to be made in sections in a railroad tunnel, the hogs being driven in by the hundred and then subjected to hydraulic pressure.

George Driver, who was executed on 14th inst., For the murder of his wife, at Chicago, just before he was turned off made a remarkable speech. He seized the noose dramatically and shaking it before the crowd, said: "Just remember that rope if you go into a saloon and get tight. See what that liquor will bring you to as well as it has brought me to. Remember that now, and look out for yourselves." What more impressive temperance lecture than this was ever delivered?

Continued Success of Father Hayacinthe in Geneva.

Geneva, Mar. 19.—The religious excitement in this city caused by the preachipg of Father Hyacinthe is increasing. The reverend gentleman is meeting with great success. The ultramontanes are much exasperated.

A SERIOUS ENGLAND AND IRISH RIOT AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

London, March 19.—A serious riot between Englishmen and Irishmen occurred in Wolverhampton, a town of Staffordshire, twelve miles from Birmingham, yesterday. At least 3,000 persons were engaged in the conflict. Firearms and knives were freely used, and there was much bloodshed, though no cases of fatal injury have yet been reported.

At last accounts from the town order had been restored, and it was believed there would be no repetition of the rioting.

A band of Apaches captured Geo. Taylor and burned him at the stake.

The lady of a mariner, about to sail on a distant voyage, sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Trial List for April Term, 1873,

FOR FIRST WEEK—COMMENCING, APRIL 28.

Adam Grenoble vs. M D Gray.
A T Bisell vs. J J Nestlerode.
same vs. Saylor, Day *et al.*
George A Bayard vs. D G Bush.
A T Bisell vs. John Ardell.
P B Wilson vs. H R Smith.
Samuel Huston vs. J & R Gilliland *et al.*
Mulford, Reeves & Co., vs. same.
D E Brusker, use of vs. Elijah Blowers.
D C Keller vs. S H Stover.
Isaac Hill vs. J S Reed a Co.
J & G Frazier vs. Hale & Co.
William Thompson vs. P Gray Meek.
Packer & Packer vs. Man & Confer.
Henry Rothrock, Jr., vs. Godfrey Fisher.
Bolinger & McQuiston vs. J C Williams.
George W Stover vs. J B Crider.
Joseph Devling, use of, vs. J Nestlerode.
same vs. Parsons & Bush.
James H Ebbs vs. Henry Stephens.
same vs. George Gates.

SECOND WEEK—COMMENCING MAY 5.

Hand-in-Hand Life Insurance Co., vs. Gotlieb Haag.
George Durst vs. Solt & Wasson.
R H Strohecker vs. Bierly & Kreamer.
George Hager vs. Lingle & Co.
M Ulrich vs R G Breit.
Hahn, Wilson & Co, use of, vs Sam'l Tree.
Norwood Coal and Lumber Co, vs Robinson & Worsley.
W L Wilson et al vs Jno & S H Thompson.
Peter Vonada vs Mary Hoy's Admrs.
J W Campbell vs Henry McCracken.
Amelia Royer vs J W Sholl.
Zimmerman Bro's & Co, vs S Haupt.
J P Harris vs Bradly Childs *et al.*
W H Harter vs Ettinger.
same vs R & N Stover.
James McHenry vs W Young *et al.*
S McCrickert & Co, vs Chas Brown.
Thomas McElvany vs Geo Kreps.
Thomas McGovern vs Vandyke, Moore & Co.
Cyrus Wasson vs J C Decker *et al.*
Chas Dongan vs Robert McKnight.
J & J Yerten vs D Tressler.
John McDermott vs Jas McManus.
Wm B Evans vs S Loitzel.
Gephart & Furst vs W L Musser.
Battles & Webster vs J S Fink.
Maria Tilghman vs B F Shaffer.
D McCloskey vs Joseph Devling.
J Brutzman vs J W Scott & Co.
Dan'l Hoover vs. Isaac Haupt.
Andrew Walker vs Jacob Meese.
Amanda C Bair vs Emma C Kreamer.
syme vs C Leitzel.
J K Bowman vs Charles McCafferty.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Mary E. Jordan, late of Potter twp., dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
JOHN DAUBERMAN,
mar 20 6t Adm'r.

NEW HARDARWE STORE IN MILLHEIM Pa.

W. J. MCMANIGAL of Milroy has Started a branch Store in Millheim where he intends keeping a full line of Hardware and Cutlery,

IRON,
NAILS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
VARNISHES,
GLASS AND PUTTY,

also a full line of Wallpapers and Borders

The Store will be in the charge of his clever and obliging clerk James Montgomery.

Centre County, Farmers, Mechanics and others call and examine goods, and compare prices—Jim is a clever fellow and will do all in his power to accommodate you

ALSO:

Do not forget

THE OLD STAND AT MILROY,

where you will always find a full Stock to select from and prices to Suit the times.

Being very thankful for the patronage and many favors shown me by my Centre county friends, I still solicit their patronage and I will guarantee to give satisfaction in every way—Goods will sold very close for cash. W. J. M'MANIGAL.
feb20.4m.

CENTRAL HOTEL. Corner of Third and Chestnut Street, Mifflinburg, Pa. John Showers, Proprietor.
Its Central Location makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting Town on business or pleasure.
H. A. Taylor's Livery Attached.
un21 1y

The matrimonial troubles of the Rothchilds have not been confined to the late marriage of a daughter of the family. Though she has chosen a husband out of the Jewish Church, she retains her own faith. Baron Nathaniel, the only son and heir of Anselm, head of the Austrian branch, proposes not only to take a Gentile bride, but to adopt the Christian faith. He has fallen in love with the Countess Messey, daughter of a General, and High Chamberlain to the Archduke Ranier. To remove the obstacles interposed by the lady's relations, the ardent lover promises to be converted to her faith. His father is exceedingly angry, and has threatened disinheritance if the son persists in his intention. The rough course of true love is, it appears, no smoother for millionairs than for ordinary people, and knows no distinction of creeds.

THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Barcelona in a State of Intense Excitement.

Madrid, March 31.—Dispatches from Barcelona says the situation in that city is grave. Intelligence has reached there that the town of Berga, captured by the Carlists on Friday, had been destroyed by fire by the insurgents, who before applying the torch, saturated a number of building with petroleum. News of the burning of the town created great excitement in Barcelona. The populace were assembling in the streets in large crowds. Disorders were feared, and the authorities were making every effort to allay the excitement and prevent disturbance. Reprisals were threatened against the clergy and a number of known Carlist sympathizers. Berga contained a hospital, several convents, and had over six thousand of a population.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been Examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans Court of Centre county for allowance and Confirmation on Wednesday the 31st day of April 1873.

1 The account of Annie Fehl and Jeremiah Haines, administrators of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of George Fehl, late of Miles twp, Centre county, dec'd.

2 The account of Daniel Garman, trustee appointed by the Orphans Court of Centre county, to make sale of the real estate of James Mulholland, late of Burnside twp., dec'd.

3 The Guardianship account of Daniel Garman, Guardian of the Minor children of James Mulholland, late ot Burnside twp dec'd.

4 The account of Jacob Bower, sr., administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles, rights and credits which were of Joshua Roush, late of Haines twp, Centre county, dec'd.

5 The administration account of George W. Rumberger and Henry Armaghast, administrators of &c., of John Aamaghast, late of Benner twp., dec'd.

6 The account of Elizabeth Frazier, administrator of &c., of Jonathan Frazier, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

7 Partial account of John and Henry Long, executors in the last will and testament of John Long sr., late of Miles twp., dec'd.

8 The Guardianship account of John Rockey, guardian of Jeremiah Swarts, minor son of George Swarts, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

9 The account of Susana S. Levi, administratrix of &c., of Jackson Levi, late of Boggs twp., dec'd.

10 The account of David Krape, guardian of Zacharia Thomas, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

11 Final account of David Gilliland executor of &c., of William S. Gilliland, late of Potter twp., dec,d.

12 The account of D. O. Bower and William Hosterman, administrators of &c, of Jacob Hosterman, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

13 The account of John Kerstettar, guardian of Sarah E. Meyer, formerly Sarah E. Alexander, minor child of Henry Alexander, late of Centre county dec'd.

14 The account of Amos Clauson, guardian of George W. Ray, minor Son of David Ray, late of Centre county, dec'd.

15 The account of Annie Vanada and Henry Vanada, administrators of &c., of Nicholas Vanada, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

16 Supplementary account of William H. Fearon, administrator of &c., of David Bechdal, late of Liberty twp., dec'd.

17 The account of John Wilson, executor of &c., of Gulielma Wilson, late of Half Moon twp., dec'd.

18 The account of Christian and William Bechdal, Executors in the late will and testament of John Bechdal, late of Liberty twp., dec'd.

19 The account of Henry Krumrine, administrator of &c., of Lydia Krumrine, late of Centre county, dec'd.

20 The account of John Rishel, administrator *de bonus non cumtesto anexo* of all and singular, the goods and chattles, rights and credits which were of George Long, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

21 The account of C. L. Greswo and B. B. Elso, administrators ot &c., of C. G. Ryman, late of Milesburg, Centre county dec'd.

22 The account of David Weiland and David Hess, administrators of &c., of Michael Weiland, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

23 The account of Samuel Gregg and Christopher Gates, administrators of &c., of Fredrick Goss, late of Furguson twp., dec'd.

24 The account of David Rhoads and John Irvin sr., Sirviving trustees under the will of William A. Thomas, late of Bellefonte, dec'd.

25 The account of Aaron Luckenbach administrator *de bonus non cum testo anexo* of &c., of Nancy Runkle late of Potter twp., dec'd.

26 The executorship account of Aaron Luckenbach executor in the estate of Geo. Runkle late of Potter twp., dec'd.

27 The amount of H G Smith administrator of &c., of Jacob Yeakley late of Penn township, dec'd.

28 The account of John T. Ross, surviving administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles, rights and credits which were of Caleb Cuney late of Harris twp., dec'd.

29 The amount of John B. Leathers executor in the last will and testament of Samuel Leathers late of Howard twp., dec'd.

30 The account of D. D McKean guardian of Rebecca Harris minor child of John S. Harris late of Walker twp., dec'd.

31 The account of D. D. McKean guardian of Annie M. Miller, formerly Annie M. Harris, minor daughter of J. L. Harris late of Walker twp., dec'd.

32 The account of D. D. McKean guardian of John D. Harris, minor son of Annie D. Harris late of Walker twp., dec'd.
JOHN H. MORRISON,
Register.

RETAIL PRICE LIST

JOBBING AND COMMISSION HOUSE

OF BURNSIDE & THOMAS,
Bellefonte, Pa.

White sugars per pound	13cts
Brown sugar per pound	10cts
Demarara sugar per pound	13cts
Rio coffee	25cts
Arbuckles brown coffee per pound	30ct
Best washing soaps per pound	6, 7 & 8cts
Be t starch per pound	10cts
Best bright Navy tobacco per pound	64cts
Garrets scotch snuff per box	16cts
Twist tobacco & Cavendish per pound	60ct
Best sugar-cured Hams per pound	15cts
No. 1 black pepper per pound	30cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts

Mackeral without heads and all kind of mackeral and Herring at city prices.

Double X X white, drips 80cts per gallon, in 5 gallon lots 5cts a gallon less.

1000 other articles too numerous to mention, cheap. Men's stogies, heavy shoes at $1,50 per pair. They have the largest and cheapest stock of goods ever offered to the public. If you want to

SAVE 20 TO 50 PER CENT.

GO TO BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

All kinds of merchandise in whole packages at less prices. july19tf

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.
White Wheat $1,95, Red 190....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 35.....Barley 60. 70.....Cloverseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster perton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS
White wheat 1,85....Red wheat 1,80....Rye 70.....Corn 40.....Oats 35.....Barley 60..... Cloverseed 5,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 25... Eggs 25.....Plaster $ 50

Great Reduction In Prices Of Note Paper.

We are now prepared to furnish Note paper at prices far below any that have ever before been offered at retail in this county.
Best quality Commercial note paper at 15 cts per quire
Second best do at 12 cts per quire
Third best do at 10 cts per quire
Purchasers will find this to be of the same quality heretofore sold in this place for 25, 20, and 15 cts per quire, but having bought our paper at extremely low figures, we desire to give our customers the full benefit of the reduction.

Look At This!!

Initial Paper With Chromo!

French Initial paper 15 cts per box
Plain white " 20 " "
Rose tint " 25 " "
Two tints " 40 " "
With a handsome chromo given away with each 40 cent box.
JAMES WELCH & CO.,
20 mar tf Opposite Bush House.

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In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO D

Farm, Garden and Household.

Practical Recipes.

COLCANNON.—This popular Irish dish is usually made with cabbages and potatoes, but cauliflower will make a more delicate dish. Take half as much cauliflower as potatoes, both of which must have been boiled previously and completely cooled. Chop them separately and very fine. Put a little milk and butter into a saucepan, and when boiling hot, turn in the potatoes and cauliflower well mixed together. Place a flat tin or dish over them, and let them warm through. Then remove the cover, and add salt and pepper to the taste; make the dish boiling hot, and serve. Another way is to prepare it with strips of salt pork. Cut the pork into strips an inch long and as narrow as possible, and fry it to a crisped brown; then turn in the chopped cauliflower and potatoes, and mix well with the pork strips and fat. Heat very hot, and serve on a platter. It is a delicious dish; and a little vinegar is considered an improvement to it.

ORANGE JELLY.—Peel of two Seville and two China oranges, two lemons, the juice of three of each, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a quarter of a pint of water and two ounces of isinglass. Grate the rinds of the oranges and lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each, strain it, add the juice to the sugar and the water, and boil until it almost candies. Have ready a quart of isinglass jelly made with two ounces of isinglass, put it to the syrup, and boil it once up. Strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.—Three large apples, one ounce of sugar, half a pint of batter for pudding. Peel the apples and take out all the core; fill them up with sugar, and place them in a pie-dish. Cover them with a light batter, and bake half an hour.

Make a Note of It.

Farmers have been urged to keep ac counts with their several fields, charging each with expenses, and giving credit for productions. But only a few will do it. They say, first, there is no time, and second, that it is impossible; that they are doing the best they can anyhow; farming is their business, and they are going to keep at it, and no bookkeeping will add to their productions. To keep a set of books charging what is done to a field would require many pages, and it would include what thinking is done; and more than this, such fractions of work are often bestowed that it would require several entry clerks and a first-class bookkeeper, whose services would be worth at least $1,500 a year.

A farmer can keep a memorandum book in his pocket, and when he does anything for a field, say No. 1, he can charge it in hours, or in a money sum. And when a crop comes off it is easy to estimate its value. We don't suppose that an exact balance can be obtained, but we know that with a series of fields an average one can be had. The great advantage of keeping accounts is in acquiring a habit of investigation, which is precisely what farmers need. All science is based on observation. Let a farmer bring up his boys to become close observers.

Swindlers.

It is astonishing how many farmers are the victims of all sorts of swindlers. They can be induced to buy fruit trees of agents whom they never saw before, and pay two prices, with the probability that the fruit will be small and tasteless; they will listen with open mouths to a smooth-tongued fellow describing a worthless invention or patent-right, and they will almost sign their names in blank, by which they get swindled out of hundreds of dollars. In fact there is no miserable game in which farmers cannot be induced to engage. But it is to be said that these victims do not read, and that they despise agricultural papers. An authority asserts that there are many thousands of farmers in Illinois who have never seen an agricultural paper; and this is true of many farmers even in the State of New York and in all other States. A few years ago hundreds of farmers were induced to sign what turned out to be notes of hand, with the inducement that they were to become agents of some wonderfully profitable machine. The only remedy is for farmers to become informed, and to do so they must take some paper which is devoted to their interests and read it every week. The time so spent will often save them more money than all their labor can bring.

An Experiment in Feeding Horses.

The London Omnibus Company use six thousand horses. To economize in feed is an important matter, and has led to several tests, the result of which is recorded as follows: To each of three thousand of their horses they gave a daily allowance of ground oats sixteen pounds, ground hay seven and one-half pounds, and cut straw one and one-eighth pounds—the hay and straw being cut into pieces about half an inch long, and well mixed up with oats in a little water, and so making twenty-six pounds of food for each horse. And to each of their other three thousand horses they gave a daily allowance of whole or unbruised oats nineteen pounds, and uncut or whole hay or straw thirteen pounds, without any water, in our old-fashioned way, making thirty-two pounds of this food for each horse. And what was the result? Why, it was soon discovered that the horse who was fed on the twenty-six pounds of ground oats remained in as good a condition and could perform just as much work and do it just as well, too, as the horse did who consumed thirty-two pounds of food as aforesaid—thus showing a saving of six pounds of food per day in favor of bruised oats and cut hay.

Bark Splitting of Apple Trees.

What is the cause of this very destructive evil, and what the remedy to be used for it? When it once begins, apparently but little can be done to save the tree. Last year we had five beautiful trees totally destroyed. The bark split up the side of the tree facing the south and southwest; not one showed any injury in any other aspect. We tried binding up and various curatives, but all of no use. The trees were also killed; only one plum tree was, however affected in a similar way. From the aspect of the tree invariably facing the sunny side of the tree, I became convinced the evil rests in some way in the sun itself. Had it been otherwise the split would have occurred in various positions. The evil cannot be due to too much moisture. Our orchard is well underdrained, and, being situated on sandy soil, could not well be supposed to be affected by this cause.

In thinking over the trouble I became almost convinced the splitting of bark was due to the heat of the sun's rays falling on frozen trees. Consequently I placed pieces of board against the south and southwest side of the tree. Aft.r thus shading them no more splitting took place. — *Cor. Canadian Farmer.*

Oil Meal for Calves.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* relates his experience in feeding oil-meal to calves, which he found highly beneficial. The calves were taken from the cows when three days old, and at first taught to drink sweet milk, on which they kept until the stomach became strong, when milk that had stood over one milking was fed twice a day. At this time he commenced feeding oil-meal, stirring it into boiling water and afterwards mixing with the milk. The quantity which he could hold in one hand was used at first, and, as the calves became accustomed to it, this quantity was increased. When too much was given, scours were produced, which was readily controlled by reducing the quantity of the meal.

This feed was continued until pumpkins were ripe, when they were substituted for milk and meal. Afterward good hay was given until February, when bruised oats were added until the pastures were ready, when the grain was dropped and the calves were turned to grass, and on Oct. 5th they weighed 2,210 pounds (the pair on which the experiment was made). This showing is a good one surely. The stock to which the calves belonged is not given.

The Piegan Indians are again on the war-path.

Which Was Beaten?

We were boys together, George Gibson and I. We were employed as salesmen in a grocery store. Business being quite dull, our employer gave us permission to close the store, that we might attend a ball to be given that evening. I had been paying my respets to Miss Kate H. George also seemed interested in her welfare, and knew that I would be certain to send her my compliments sometime during the day, and request her company to the ball.

In order to get ahead of me, he sent his invitation quite early in the morning. I was not in a good humor after George triumphantly showed me his note of acceptance; so when evening came I determined I would not attend the ball or stay in the store. We closed about dark. George was ready to start, but had some moments to spare, when, as if to amuse himself, he picked up an old revolver, which we always kept about the store, and was pointing it at different objects in the room, remarking how easy he could put a hole through it.

When he pointed it at an oil can, which was quite full, I immediately inserted a pin near the seat of his pants, which caused him to pull the trigger. Zip! the bullet went through the can, and the oil commenced running out in quite a stream through the holes the bullet made.

"Jump, quick, and stop the leak with your fingers!" I exclaimed.

George knew the mischief would be to pay if our employer found the floor covered with oil, and he obeyed my order immediately. Then a happy thought struck me; I would leave him in that fix, and go and take Miss Kate myself. Amid a volley of oaths, I made my hasty departure. Arriving at the residence of Miss Kate, I informed her that George was not able to attend, and had sent me in his stead. Miss Kate accepted his apology, and we attended the ball together. It was late when I returned to the store, and found George still in his uncomfortable position, swearing at me profusely.

The bullet had passed through the can, and he dared not remove either hand. I then procured an empty barrel, intending to pump the oil out below the bullet hole. In order to do this, it was necessary for him to be on the other side of the can. He agreed to the change if I would hold my fingers over the holes until he went around the can. This I was unwise enough to consent to.

No sooner had he got me in this fix, than he proceeded to wash his hands; then taking up the lamp he went upstairs to bed. I was mad; language cannot begin to express my feelings. I swore, I entreated, I then tried to bribe him to relieve me. Like him, I dared not leave the can, for I knew it would cause my dismissal if our employer found the new floor spoiled with oil, besides the damage it would do to the goods.

How I spent the remainder of the night I shall not attempt to describe; it is sufficient to say I stayed there until morning.

The King of the Washington Lobby,

Sam Ward, is thus graphically sketched by Edmund Yates:

Who is this that cometh, not with banner and priest, as Tennyson has it, but with a composite manner, in which the gravity of the business man tastes with the unction of the *bon vivant* and the humor of the *raconteur*—a man of middle height, with his bald head firmly implanted on his broad shoulders, with but little interval of neck—a man of small and twinkling eyes imbedded behind high cheek bones—a well cut nose, a great, sweeping mustache and a curling imperial, both pleasant; his well-cut, closely-fitting suit of clothes is the dress of an English country gentleman, but his head is the head of an old French marshal. Put on him a shako and he would pass for Pelissier or for old Bugeaud, of whom the Chasseurs d'Afrique used to sing:

As-tu vu la casquette, la casquette,
As-tu vu la casquette du Pere Bugeaud?

He could sing it himself, too, and in accents that would do your ear good. For this is the famous Sam Ward, one of the finest linguists, cleverest classical scholars and men of widest reading on this Continent, who has seen life enough to furnish material for a dozen novels and who is not merely the king of the lobby, but the prince of good fellows. What freak of nature threw S. W. into this age and into this country? He would have been thoroughly happy under the Roman Empire, when Horace would have been charmed with his wit and Apicius would have envied him his skill in ordering a dinner. Somehow one can never think of Sam Ward and the stern simplicity of the Republic as going together in unison.

City Rivalry.

A case now pending in the St. Louis courts gives an amusing illustration of the bitter rivalry between the merchants of St. Louis and Chicago. In the former city there is a hardware dealer who has been doing a large business in the sale of steel buggy springs at two dollars a pair. A Chicago firm, also engaged in the hardware line, flooded the region around St. Louis with circulars offering to sell the same article at $1.25 a pair. The St. Louis man at once began purchasing his springs of the Chicago firm, who, it is claimed, were selling their goods for less than cost to entice St. Louis trade to Chicago, and then sold them to his customers at a handsome profit. The Chicago man, encouraged by the demand for springs from St. Louis, made a further reduction in prices, offering them at one dollar a pair, when the St. Louis man telegraphed an order for 2,000 pairs, at the same time sending a draft to pay for them. By this time the Chicago firm began to be suspicions, and refused to send the goods; but one of the firm, being in St. Louis shortly afterward, was sued for a breach of contract, damages being laid at $5,000. The St. Louis journals are joyful over this capture of one of the Philistines, and exultingly call attention to the fact that the public enemy must defend the suit in their own courts, which of course they consider infinitely more honest than those of Chicago.

New Arctic Exploring Expedition.

The movement of the United Scientific Societies in England to induce the government to undertake the expense of an arctic exploring expedition, is already well advanced. We learn, from *Nature*, that Sir Henry Rawlinson will address a letter to the president of the Royal Society, urging that that body take the lead in advocating the cause. In the mean time, it is stated that Mr. Leigh Smith proposes to undertake a third voyage of arctic discovery in the spring. He has a fine, strong steamer, the Diana, well adapted for the purpose, and will undoubtedly achieve all that can be done in the way of discovery in the Spitzbergen seas during the season of 1873. Mr. Smith having now become a veteran arctic voyager. In 1871 he made the most remarkable voyage in that direction since 1707, discovering a large extent of coast-line, both on the north and south sides of Northeast Land. He also attained the highest latitude that has been reached in a ship, except by Scoresby and the Swedes. In 1872, during a second expedition, he succeeded in taking a very important series of observations of sea-temperatures at various depths. The anticipated expedition in 1873 will be more fully equipped, and undertaken in a steamer instead of a sailing-vessel.

CHANGING A HORSE'S GAIT.—In Barbary, pacing horses are held in such high estimation that the method of making a spirited trotter shackle like a boat in a chop sea is reduced to a science. To make him rack easily, a ring of lead, covered with leather, is put around each hoof; a cord from each weight ascends, and is fastened to the saddle, front and rear; next, a strap runs horizontally from the fore to the hind foot on both sides. Being rather short, it is impossible to make a long step. Restraint compels the animal to practice a new gait to progress at all. As soon as a habit is established of going ahead thus tethered, the desired amble is fully and permanently accomplished.

The Catastrophe at Smyrna.

The Smyrna correspondent of the *Levant Herald* gives an account of the melancholy accident in that town, which was briefly noted in the cable despatches a day or two later: "On Sunday night, the Cafe Kivoto, built upon piles over the sea, broke down suddenly, during a performance given by a company of acrobats. The proprietor of the cafe says he only sold 108 tickets, but the people saved declare there were 200 persons present. Most of them were of the poorer class, and there were not many Turks there, or young men of respectable families. At 11 o'clock a loud cracking was heard, and within five minutes the entire cafe had disappeared under water. A few of the persons near the entrance contrived to effect their escape, and some persons saved themselves by jumping through the windows into the sea. The boatmen rowed up in numbers, but their efforts to save life were in vain. Sureya Pasha, the Governor-General; Ibrahim Agna, Chief of Police, and Tahir Bey, commander of the gendarmerie, who where at once on the spot, exerted themselves strenuously, but fruitlessly, with the same object. The profound silence which succeeded the piercing cries of despair told too plainly the terrible character of the disaster. The Catholic and Greek Archbishops were on the spot early the following morning. Yesterday forenoon the workmen of the Quay Company were actively engaged in removing the roof of the submerged cafe. The search after the dead bodies was a sad spectacle; the acrobats were withdrawn from the water in their showy costumes of the previous night; the limbs of all the bodies were contracted with pain. Two hearses were engaged the whole of the day in conveying the remains discovered to the hospital. Of the fifty bodies deposited at the Greek hospital, twenty-eight were claimed up to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and eleven were claimed at the Catholic hospital. Divers were busy at work all day, and every minute a fresh body was brought up. To-day they recommenced their melancholy task at daybreak, and twenty more bodies were found. The total number of bodies found up to the present is eighty, and it is supposed there are still fifty more in the water. An English captain, two Turkish merchants, a young man of good connections, an Italian captain, a telegraph clark, and some commercial clerks are among the victims. The feeling of grief and consternation is general, and the ball advertised to be held in the Casino has been countermanded. The police have closed all the other cafes built upon piles on the sea. One man saved has been rendered dumb. The company of acrobats consisted of seven persons, of whom three were women, and one of these latter only survives. The Government will institute proceedings against the proprietor of the cafe, who did not pay heed to the warning of danger which was given him in time.

Shooting-Stars.

It has been calculated that of meteors bright enough to be visible to the naked eye in a clear moonless night the numbers that enter our atmosphere daily can not be less than seven and a half millions, and if we include those that would be visible in a telescope, the calculation would exceed four hundred millions. As there is no reason to believe that the region in which our earth moves is more thickly beset with meteoric bodies than other parts of the solar domain, and as the space swept through by the earth in a day is a mere point compared with the whole extent of that domain, the total number of these bodies that must exist around the sun is beyond conception. The hundreds of millions yearly burned up in our atmosphere, and the ashes of which add, it is estimated, one thousand tons weight to our earth in three years, will never be missed!

Besides the stray meteors, of which half a dozen, more or less, may be seen any clear night by watching the sky for an hour, there occur every now and then brilliant displays, known as star showers or meteoric showers. It has long been observed that some of these showers are periodical, recurring on the same day of the year, either annually or after a period of years. The most remarkable thing about a star shower is that all the bodies composing it seem to come from the same limited region of the sky. Those that appear in the centre of the space blaze out and die away without seeming to move; the farther the appearance of a meteor from the centre, the longer and more divergent is its path. The paths proceed from the centre in all directions like rays, and hence it is called the *radiant* point of the shower. This radiation of the paths, however, is a mere appearance, due to perspective. The bodies are really moving parallel to one another; but the one that is coming directly toward the spectator has its path reduced to a point, while the paths of the others all round are seen more or less foreshortened, and all converging backward toward the vanishing-point.

An Ingenious Convict.

The convict Smith, who recently escaped from his cell in Sing Sing Prison, made use of a most ingenious device for unlocking his cell-door. It consisted of a bar of wood, about eighteen inches long, from the end of which another bar reached down at right angles, about four inches in length. In the lower end of this shorter bar a receptacle was hollowed out for the purpose of holding a cunningly-contrived false key, and on the lower bar was arranged a twisted leather belt, passing over upright pins, and worked by a crank so nicely adjusted that by turning the crank the key would also be turned at the other extremity of the bar. Having made these arrangements, he quietly awaited an occasion when the regular keeper was absent and a relief keeper locked up the cells on his gallery. This keeper having convinced himself that Smith was in his cell, passed on to the other end of the corridor, and the most plausible theory is that while he was thus engaged Smith thrust the machine through the bars of the square grating above the lock, dropping it till the false key fitted in the keyhole, and then turning the crank, unlocked his door (throwing the bar and crank on his bed, where it was afterwards found) and quietly walked out past the keepers at the north end of the corridor. The oldest keepers at the prison are completely baffled by the brilliancy of this exploit, and assert that no such elaborate method of escape has ever been devised by any other prisoner. As nobody actually saw him pass beyond the confines of the prison, there is still a doubt existing as to whether he is "stowed away" within the walls or enjoying his coveted freedom in the world at large.—*New York Paper.*

A Big Pile of Edgings Burned.

For thirty years or more, says the Machias (Maine) *Union*, edgings and refuse wood had been accumulating in close proximity to the saw-mills in Whitneyville. The piles were of immense proportions, one pile alone covering an acre and twenty to thirty feet deep. By careful and a low estimate this one pile contained 10,000 cords. The mill-owners have long desired to get rid of the edgings, but never had seen the time when they felt like affording the risk to apply fire. This winter, snow, ice, and water being favorable, after trenching and ditching and using all precautionary measures, fire was put into the mountain of wood Feb. 24th. Some people became alarmed, anticipating a sweep of the mills and of the whole town. Word came to Machias for help. The fire department dispatched one of their engines and men to care for it. The engine at Whitneyville was put in readiness. All day Monday the pile shrunk before the flame, and all night careful watch was had. The wind was favorable, so that by Tuesday night the fire had made its conquest, the great pile had nearly disappeared, and no damage occurred to the mills or property of any kind. By the removal of this pile of combustible material the mills are more valuable and the whole town is freed from a great exposure by fire, which might occur most destructively in a summer's drouth.

Sun-Worship Among the Amazon Indians.

A traveler has been exploring some of the tributaries of the Amazon, and has given us an account of the sun-worship of the South American Indians. The Peruvians, it will be remembered, worshiped the sun in the days of Pizarro; so did the Mexicans before the conquests of Cortez. To this day the Amazon Indians annually set apart a festival for the worship of the sun. It is a question whether or not this is a remnant of a religion once held by a great part of the tribes of Mexico and South America.

The traveler to whom we are indebted for an account of the South American sun-worshipers had been in search of gold in the mountains, where his quest had not been successful. This is the country in which Sir Walter Raleigh placed his El Dorado. It is believed by some that there are mines in the mountains which the Spaniards opened and deserted. The Indians of that country, it is thought, have the secret of their location.

On the return of our travelers from their expedition, they came upon a town through which they had passed on their inward journey, and which they now found entirely deserted. Not a man, woman, or child was to be seen, and the malocca, or council-house, was stripped of all its trophies, flags, and feather dresses.

"While," says the traveler, "we stood speculating on what had become of our friends, a sound fell upon our ears that seemed to issue from the depths of a distant cavern. We could tell it to be a chorus of voices, chanting some sad or solemn refrain. As we listened, it grew louder, as if the chanters were drawing nearer; and in the same degree it was becoming more joyful. All at once a procession appeared approaching the spot, men marching two and two, with files of women intermingled.

"As its head emerged from among the thick-standing tree-trunks, we recognized our old Zummate friends, dressed in all the gala of a grand holiday—with plumed circlets upon their heads, feather armlets, and garters of the same, girt just below the knee.

"On reaching the malocca, they broke ranks, at the same time bursting into peals of joyous laughter. Then surrounding, they embraced us, the chief in a speech again making us welcome to their village."

They were returning from their annual ceremony of sun-worship, to which every person, young and old, in the village had departed.

Activity of the African Slave Trade.

A correspondent of *The London Times*, who has accompanied Sir Bartle Frere's anti-slave trade mission to Zanzibar, writing on Jan. 17, says: It is a striking instance of the impunity with which the natives still fancy the Slave trade can be carried on that even now, while the whole population of these islands is in a state of uncertainty and excitement as to the ultimate results of Sir Bartle Frere's mission, each of the men-of-war in the harbor has a prize dhow lying alongside, lately captured, and the slave market is in full swing and apparently doing a prosperous business. From 150 to 300 slaves are paraded for sale every day. From 4 P. M. to 7 P. M. seems to be the fashionable hour at which to attend this human Tattersalls, and certainly it is a stricking and altogether unpleasant sight when visited the first time, however much the visitor's mind may have been prepared by oft-read descriptions of its appearance. To an Englishman landed straight from England it is very startling to see rows of human beings seated on the ground, standing up, or being walked about for inspection, their owner shouting out their price, and expatiating on their good points, and to know that these wretched creatures are for sale to the first man who will satisfy the cupidity of the seller. But it is still more painful to see and to acknowledge the look of degraded and absolute indifference that, with hardly an exception, characterizes all the stolid heavy faces, which hardly show signs of interest even when their owners are being pinched and pulled about by a possible purchaser. It is not difficult to imagine the long course of suffering that has for them taken all interest and all hope out of life, or to read in their apathy a history of homes destroyed, children sold by their priests, suffering, misery, disease, and death. Even now (Sunday excepted) the slave dhows, which took their slaves on board at Kilwa previous to the first of January, run in and discharge their cargoes on the beach. There was one yesterday which discharged 40 slaves, all remaining out of 80 shipped at Kilwa, the rest having died of disease and starvation on route. And out of the 40 thus landed two were left on the beach so ill and so wretched as not to be worth the Custom-house duties demanded for them. The French Mission here, active in well-doing, generally takes these wretched castaways under its protection.

Warmoth.

The correspondent of the Troy *Times* says that, with all his acts, Warmoth is a man of brains, of tact, of good breeding, and of remarkable personal magnetism. He has been catalogued as the handsomest man in Louisiana by more than a million ladies ever since his arrival here. Instead of being shunned, he has been courted. He is a lion. Knowing how to make the most of his personal attractions, shrewd enough to conceal his inordinate vanity, he has made his stay here a continual ovation. In the lobbies of the Capitol he is always the centre of a crowd. Perhaps they are not admirers in their soul, but externally they are, and it answers the same purpose. He has a joke and a retort for the Senator, the Congressman, and the layman. He speaks of the chaos that crushes Lonisiana as "my little affair down there," and to his laugh there is always a responsive laugh. In the ballroom, which he affects, he is still the centre of a circle. The wives and the daughters of the Congressmen imitate the aping example of their husbands and their fathers, and who can blame them? "How charming and handsome he is, to be sure! and so wicked besides"—that is the formula whenever Warmoth is the topic. The fact of the wickedness seems to lighten the fascination. To be presented to Warmoth, in proper style, is as great an event in the history of a young lady as to be presented to the President, and if he smiles and shows signs of being unusually interested, oh heavens, what bliss!

Water in the Earth.

In years past an impression prevailed very generally that water could be procured by sinking a shaft in the earth at almost any point. A vast amount of fruitless labor and useless expense was the result of this belief. But now science has advanced so far that men are able to tell with almost unerring certainty whether water can be obtained in any given place by such agencies. A peculiar geological formation and a certain relative position for the well are the prerequisites of success. Water finds its way from the surface of the earth to the interior through crevices and chasms in the rocks, and through the rocks themselves when they are porous. In nearly all geological formations there are certain strata, often far down, which are water-tight, and these form the beds of the subterranean streams. As the water presses down from above, it forces the streams along, and they either burst forth in springs or remain locked in huge reservoirs. When a well is sunk until it strikes one of these or hits a rapid current, the pressure drives the water to the surface, exactly as in our cities the fluid in the storage reservoirs is forced into our bath-rooms and bed-chambers. The geysers of Iceland and of the Yellowstone Valley are attributable in part to the same agencies. They come from natural artesian wells, probably of vast depth, for the water in many cases is ejected at boiling heat. Steam, as well as hydrostatic pressure, is often the power that operates these extraordinary fountains.

There are 11,600,000 square miles of the earth's surface still unexplored.

A Lascar's Combat With a Shark.

We had not long come into the roadstead at Madras when a circumstance occurred which I cannot help relating. There was a Lascar on our ship who was very expert in handling a catamaran, a kind of raft made of three sticks of wood lashed together, and used in the surf, which in this place rolls in very heavily. This man had a little child, a boy of eight years, and while we lay here he would take this boy and show him how to handle the catamaran, it being his intention to bring the lad up to this pursuit.

Now it happened one morning that, going out very early, even before the day had sprung, the catamaran ran foul of a palm which was washing ashore, and overset, throwing the man and the boy into the water. The man rose easily enough, for he swam like a duck, and made for the raft, which he had scarce reached when he saw a huge shark seize the child and make to sea with its prey.

The man, as may be supposed, was horrified at the sight, and for a moment dazed; but he soon recovered, and drawing a long knife which he carried in his cummerbund, plunged after the shark. I was on the beach at the time, and saw the whole affair. The man disappeared, but rose again, the shark near him, and both apparently engaged in a desperate conflict. This lasted several minutes. The water then began to grow red; the man rose two or three times in quick succession, his knife still in his hand, and striking with great force and energy.

This lasted several seconds. Then the shark rose suddenly, and, throwing its huge form half way out of the spray, sank with a heavy plunge, dyeing the waters with a deep crimson as it disappeared. I looked now anxiously for the man, and seeing no sign of him, thought he had shared the fate of his adversary; but presently he came to the surface, and swam directly to the shore. He was very much exhausted, but his body was without a wound, a strange circumstance, seeing the danger he had encountered.

After he had rested I asked him to relate the particulars of his combat with the sea monster, which he did. He said that as soon as he plunged into the water he saw the shark in the act of devouring the child; that he made toward it and gave it a stroke with his knife; that the shark turned and snapped at him; but he, diving, evaded its jaws and coming up under its belly gave it a stab, and the knife running along produced a wound over a yard in length, which, in short, made an end of the monster. On receiving this wound it raged about in a flurry for a few seconds, then careening on its side drifted at the mercy of the waves, a mere piece of lifeless matter.

Such was the story of this brave man's encounter. While we were talking, I heard a great clamor among some of the Massvolah boatmen on the beach, and sent one of our men to learn its occasion. He came back with the tidings that the shark had come ashore and the noise we heard proceeded from the natives who were amazed at it size, which was indeed enormous, and the number of wounds it had received; on hearing this I proceeded toward the place where it was stranded, taking the Lascar with me, who by this time had thoroughly regained his energies.

We approached the monster. It lay on its side among a lot of sea-weed, the blood still oozing from the wounds with which its body was covered. The size, as I have observed, was surprising. I had seen sharks of large proportions, but they were small compared to this creature. I did not measure it carefully, but it was near 30 feet in length, and as big round as the main mast of our ship. It had made a bold defence, and was not conquered till its life gushed out from a multitude of wounds.

After satisfying my curiosity, I had the monster opened, when a ghastly spectacle was presented. The child was found in the stomach, but utterly dismembered, the head being severed from the body, and the whole so ground together as to be scarcely recognizable. I was greatly overcome at this melancholy sight; even the apathy of the Hindoo gave way, and as he gazed on the remains of his child, his sorrow burst forth in loud lamentations.

The Shooting of a School Girl.

An exchange gives the following details of the shooting of a school girl at Salisbury, Md.:

Mary A. Shockley was returning, in company with four small children, to her home from the district school, and was met a short distance from the school house by a young man named George W. Hall, who carried a gun in his hand. Hall addressed some words to Miss Shockley, which caused the young girl to pause, and thereupon ensued a colloquy. Hall asked Miss Shockley why she had not answered a letter he had written her the week before. She replied that she couldn't, implying she was unwilling. He then said she could have written to him as well as to some others he knew, and expressed a determination to shoot her then and there. To this the young girl fearlessly replied, "Pshaw! George Hall, you can't frighten me!" Hall then asked the children if Miss Shockley's brother Elijah—a lad of sixteen years—was on the road, and upon receiving a reply in the negative he told a little girl who was standing near his victim to move aside, deliberately raised his gun and shot Miss Shockley through the heart, and then ran rapidly away into a piece of woods. The poor death-stricken girl ejaculated "O Lord!" and fell to the ground. Two of the children ran back to the school-house and informed their teacher, who hastened to the scene of the tragedy only to find his favorite pupil lying on the ground weltering in blood, which was pouring from a ghastly wound in her side and gushing from her mouth and nose as she spasmodically grasped in the agonies of death. He raised her head and asked her to speak to him, but though she made an effort to do so her strength was unequal to the task, and she soon ceased to breathe.

Hall and Miss Shockley went to the same school together until a few months ago, when the former put aside his books and went to work on his father's farm. Hall had long loved his victim and pressed his suit vigorously, but his affection was not reciprocated, and upon being convinced that she would never regard him favorably he determined to take her life. Since the murder evidence has appeared establishing the fact that he had long entertained an intention to murder her, and was only deterred from his hellish purpose by the presence of her brother as she passed to and from school.

Miss Shockley was about fifteen years old, of sweet and even temper, bright and intelligent, and was just budding into womanhood, the brightest and most beautiful girl in her neighborhood, and her tragic death has created tremendous excitement here. Both of the actors in this tragedy are of very respectable families and both moderately wealthy.

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ASK your grocer for Dooley's Yeast Powder, the best Baking Powder for preparing Biscuits, Rolls, Bread, Griddle Cakes, Waffles, &c. Depot 69 New St., N. Y. At retail by all grocers.—*Com.*

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial Affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.—*Com.*

Young man if you want to make an impression on your sweetheart, wear either the Elmwood or Warwick Collars.—*Com.*

More than forty years have elapsed since *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* was first invented, during which time hundreds of thousands have been benefitted by its use. Probably no article ever became so universally popular with all classes as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*—*Com.*

Pills which contain antimony, quinine and calomel, should be avoided, as severe griping pains would be their only result. The safest, surest, and best pills are *Parsons' Purgative or Anti-Bilious Pills.*—*Com.*

Executions in Illinois.

John M. Osborne, who murdered Mrs. Adelia C. Mathews, at Yates City, Ill., on the 5th of last August, was hanged in the jail yard at Knoxville, Ill. The murder was a brutal one. Mr. Mathews, the husband of the deceased, went to a neighboring farm to work on the morning of the day of the murder, leaving his wife at home and alone. On his return at sundown he found the dead body of his wife in the cellar, with the throat cut and head crushed. Suspicion fell upon Osborne, and he was tried and found guilty of the terrible charge. Several clergymen were with Osborne all the day and night before the execution. During the night he was taken from Galesville to Knoxville, telling lewd stories all the way to those who accompanied him. At the jail he ate a hearty breakfast, and was dressed and shaved. At one o'clock he was taken to the scaffold in the jail yard. His manner was cool and collected. He smiled even to the moment when he stood on the fatal drop. His neck was not broken by the fall, and he died with the most terrible and agonizing contortions. The drop fell at ten minutes past one o'clock, and eight and a half minutes afterwards life was declared extinct.

The night before the execution, Osborne made a confession, which, for deliberate brutality, is not equaled. He said Mrs. Mathews was engaged in getting him something to eat. She went down the cellar for butter and, he says, I went down and talked with her a little while, and as she stooped down, I picked up a brick and struck her on the back of the head, when she started to run, and I caught her by her dress; I pulled her back and struck her again, when she fell. I then picked up a small board and struck her on the side of the head. She groaned and I thought it was done. I then went up stairs, and to make a false motive I rummaged the drawers and found the money, and though I must take it to prevent the true motive from being discovered. I put part of the money in each of the pockets of my pants, and then thought I would go down and see if she was dead. I saw her eyes looking at me. I went up to her, and bending over her, said: "Adelia." She raised her eyes and looked at me. I said: "Do you know me?" She made no reply. I asked her again, and she said "I do." I asked her who I was, and she said "Mr. Osborne," and reached her hand to me, and said, "Why did you do this?" I dropped her hand and turned away, and looked at her again a moment, and felt that I would give worlds to have her well again. I then took my knife and cut her throat. She never moved or shuddered. I then went up stairs and left.

George Driver, who killed his wife on the morning of the 13th of last November by shooting her with a pistol borrowed from his son, was executed in the county jail of Chicago. His last night was spent mainly in prayer, his attending physician being of the Presbyterian faith. About noon he expressed a desire to converse with Rafferty, another murderer, who is confined in jail under sentence of death, and who has been granted a supersedeas twice. Driver spoke with him long and earnestly, advising him to make his peace with Heaven. Rafferty laughed at him. The children of the doomed man acted unfeelingly throughout; they talked and laughed with strangers as if at a levee. Shortly after two o'clock Driver was taken from the cell where he was praying and brought to the scaffold, which he mounted firmly and without hesitation. When asked if he had anything to say, he addressed the crowd stating that whisky had brought him to the gallows. He advised all to shun liquor as poison that injured the body and mind. The drop fell at twenty-four minutes past two P. M., and in eleven minutes he was dead.

Eighty-five Miles of Solid Ice on Lake Michigan.

The propeller City of Fremont left for Grand Haven for the third time, but was compelled to return, after having penetrated the ice belt a distance of only fourteen miles. During the high easterly winds the ice was never at any time out of sight of land. At this point since then it has constantly been added to, so that it now once more fills the bay. In view of all the facts that can be ascertained, we have no hesitation in saying that Lake Michigan at this point, where its width is eighty-five miles, is now entirely bridged over with ice varying in thickness from one to twelve feet. Never before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has this been known to occur. It will require a high southerly wind of at least one week's duration to break up and drive this formidable belt towards the lower end of the lake and enable the steamers of the Engelman line to cross. In the meantime the Manistee and Messenger remain in the condition reported last week, off Whitehall, and receiving occasional supplies of food from the shore.

A society statistician calculates that if all the yards of silk in ruined "last season's dresses" were sewed together, they would form a band as long as the Pacific Railroad.

For loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, PEPSO-PROPORATED ELIXIR of CALISAYA made by CASWELL HAZARD & Co., New York, and sold by *all* druggist, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients, recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers.—*Com.*

CAUTION!—In our changeable climate, coughs, colds, and diseases of the throat, lungs and chest will always prevail. Cruel consumption will claim its victims. These diseases, if attended to in time, can be be arrested and cured. The remedy is *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.*—*Com.*

THE BROWNS AND BLACKS produced by that sterling preparation, CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE, cannot be excelled by Nature; its tints challenge comparison with Nature's most favored productions, and defy detection.—*Com.*

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Doubtless the Best Cough Medicine in the World.—*Com.*

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RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—Says Dio Lewis, retiring from business, common and popular as it is, is a great humbug. No man should retire from business until he retires to the grave. When his faculties become slow and dull from age, he should reduce the number of hours in his daily work—reduce them just as his strength declines; but in no case should he change his occupation or drop it unless disease actually compels him. He may purchase an estate in the country, to which he retires at an early hour in the afternoon, and he may postpone his morning arrival till two or three hours after the younger people have begun, but he must not quit or make a radical change. We know of nothing more sure to lead to dyspepsia, insanity and suicide than *retiring from business.*

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.—One of the most important improvements ever perfected in musical instruments has lately been introduced by Geo. Woods & Co., in their improved Parlor Organs. It consists of a piano of exquisite quality of tone which will never require tuning. The instrument was lately introduced at a musical soiree in Baltimore, and received the cordial applause and indorsement of the many eminent professionals present.—*Boston Journal.*

A prudent business man will be as

careful to insure his life as his goods. Insurance is absolute protection when secured in good companies. Before closing any contract to insure your life examine the plans and look into the practical workings of the old New York Life Insurance Company. If there is an agent of the company in your vicinity invite him to your place of business and he will give you some interesting facts, and, if not, send to the home office, 346 and 348 Broadway, New York, for a statement of the vast business done, assets, and dividends paid.—*Com.*

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